MARVEL

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL®

WHO KILLED GWEN REILLY?

TOM DEFALCO • RON FRENZ

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

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#5

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

If it were up to me, I'd sleep till noon most days.

Unfortunately, between going to high school, babysitting my little bro, helping with the household chores and doing my web-thing, that's a luxury I rarely have.

Take today for instance...

I got up especially early to pay a little visit to the New York headquarters of the *Order of the Goblin.*

WHO IS GWEN REILLY?

I could have slept in after all.

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker* and I am the daughter of *Spider-Man.*

(At least that's what I believe.)

I was hoping to question these Goblin groupies because they recently kidnapped my dad and tried to resurrect their old boss--

--Norman Osborn, the original Green Goblin!

He was dad's greatest enemy--

--proving it by kidnapping and cloning me shortly after I was born.

(At least I hope I'm not the clone.)

Thanks to a man called Kaine, I was eventually returned to my parents.

Dad soon caught up to Norman and lost his right leg in their final battle--

--which kind of forced him to retire his webs.

So I grew up blissfully unaware of his wall-crawling side--

--until my own spider-powers began to emerge.

I soon decided to carry on dad's legacy--

MID

GO MAGICS

EXIT

--although he wasn't too keen on the idea at first.

(And still isn't 100 percent.)

While I was living my life, my clone--

(At least I think she's the clone.)

--had been vegetating in a stasis chamber--

--until very recently.

(Although I sometimes wish she **still** was!)

'Morning, May! I woke up just as you were slipping out our bedroom window--

--and figured you wouldn't mind if I secretly tagged along.

I knew you were following me.

You can't sneak up on someone with a *spider-sense.*

What is this place? What are you doing here?

The *Order of the Goblin* used to base here and-- *hey!*

You *feel* that?

The *tingling--?*

Thought you were the cause.

It's coming from that desk.

Move! *NOW!*

02

BIP BIP BIP BIP BIP

MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

FRRRRROOOOOSH!

whew

Efficient lot, those Goblins.

Nothing like a cleansing fireball to erase any trace evidence.

Mind telling me why you came here?

I assumed the two of us were going to be partners from now on.

Did you?

There's an old joke about what happens when you assume.

Save it.

Your jokes aren't as funny as you think.

These guys were part of Norman Osborn's old organization, right?

Yeah and I wanted a private chat--

"--with their not-so-fearless leader."

I have disposed of our former command center--

--and there's no way anyone can connect it back to us.

*You have done well, **Rene.** I have only one cause for concern...*

You failed to mention my ***daughter*** in your last report.

What has happened to ***Élan?***

Is there something I should know?

BRIDGE EXIT

That was the *other* reason for my call, ***Philippe.*** I regret to inform you that she was injured during a confrontation with ***Spider-Girl***--

--and is currently recuperating in a private sanitarium.

One anonymous tip to the fire department later...

LIAR!

You deliberately ditched me because you still don't trust me.

Not true.

Well...not *quite* true.

I...*errrr*... just don't think it's a good idea for two identical-looking ***Spider-Girls*** to be seen together.

And that means ***I*** should suffer?

Why should I listen to you, anyway?

For all we know, I could be the original ***May Parker*** and you might be the clone.

You got me there--

--but I do have a lot more experience in the web game.

Maybe, but I'm more ***powerful.***

Have you forgotten that Osborn transformed me into some kind of ***human/symbiote hybrid*** before he died?

What'd I tell you about your jokes?

Not even close to funny.

I could go in this direction.

That way we could be, *like*, ***Spider-Girl RED*** and ***Spider-Girl BLUE.***

Yeah, let's put a pin in ***that*** idea.

What do you think this is, a ***hoax,*** a ***dream*** or an ***imaginary--***

I can even change my appearance if it's so important.

What do you think of *this* look?

Perfect... if your goal is to give our mother a ***heart attack.***

BUDA! BUDA! BUDA! BUDA! BUDA!

BUDA! BUDA! BUDA!

Are you guys *crazy?*

We already hijacked this truck.

APEX

APE

Thanks for saving us the trouble.

Looks like those gangs got their wires crossed.

Come on...errrr... *ummm...*

You don't know what to call me, do you?

Oh, but I *do.*

I just don't use that kind of language.

This is fun.

I don't know why you think I'm not ready.

THOK!

WHOMP!

sigh

You need to pay more attention to your spider-sense--

THWIPP!

--unless you want to get shot in the back.

Seriously?!

You were going to try to kill *me?*

Do I look SCARED?!

Whoa! Sheath those claws, little buckaroo!

You can't take things personally.

Besides, we're supposed to be the good guys.

Odd! I always assumed--

--the *Black Tarantula* had a tighter grip on his people.

Why the long face, *Chesbro*?

I have received some rather disturbing reports, master.

The *Georgians*--?!

No, they're still gathering pieces of their former leader.

This problem is more immediate.

It appears someone else is challenging your control of the New York underworld.

Again?! These Americans really do think they're entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

What's the matter, *Fabian*?

Being the current *Kingpin of Crime* isn't all it's cracked up to be?

Gloating doesn't become you, *Araña*.

Why don't you let me take you away from this life of constant crime?

I suppose you already picked out a nice and romantic spot.

Somewhere my body will never be found.

Ahhhhh, but what a way to go--!

Would you like me to pack up your breakfast to go, Ms. Araña?

It's so good to see you again, Chesbro.

Did you miss me?

I never *miss*.

Would you like me to get my gun--

--and *prove* it?

Do you two mind?

If someone is planning to overthrow me--

"--I should learn his identity."
Man Mountain Marko, I am so please to see you.
I am always at your service, Don Silvio.
What of the others? Are they coming?
They send their regrets.
I under-stand...
They are much too busy to humor an old man.
Although it wasn't so long ago that they all called *Silvio Barraca--the SILVERBACK*--the 800-pound gorilla who ruled this jungle.
Times change, Don Silvio...
Indeed.
Now you and the others pay all your respect to a costumed popinjay from *South America*--
--a masked fool called the *Black Tarantula.*
What can I say? He is our current *Kingpin*--
--and business is good.
A man must stand up for what's rightfully *his,* Marko.
Wilson Fisk and I taught you this--*you and many others!*
It seems the lesson must be *repeated.*
Don Silvio--!
Y-you're standing--!
QWAM!
Go!
Tell the others that the day of the *Black Tarantula* is past.
The future belongs to SILVERBACK!
That and *more,* Marko.

:sigh:
Too much *melodrama* for one morning.
I haven't even finished my first cup of coffee and you two have already dealt with an *exploding building* and a *gang war.*
Pretty cool, huh?
I...*uhhh*... don't think dad was exactly expressing *approval.*
Really? What was your first clue?
Peter, *please--!* Not when you're feeding Benjamin.
Speaking of which, I need to get ready.
What about me?
I'm sorry, dad. Checking out the Goblins was my idea. I figured I could get a line on them before school.
Do I get to go to school, too?
That's all we need! Two identical May Parkers running around *Midtown High.*
Bad enough we got that here...
Be nice, Peter.
We're going to have to deal with the school issue sooner or later.
We also need a new name for the second May.
The identical thing won't be a problem, either.
That's right!
With your hybrid powers, you can easily change your face.
I happen to *like* my face.
Thank you very much.
Okay!
Okay!
It was just a suggestion.

spit happens

ahem

As I was saying., I can easily adjust my appearance--

--so that May and I can still look similar--

--but distinctive.

That's certainly an option.

You'll also need a last name.

We could call you *Parker* or, my preference, *Reilly*--which was the maiden name of Peter's *Aunt May.*

Y-you're actually going along with this, Mary Jane?

Why not? We need to come up with a cover story for May.

Okay, I know when I'm outvoted.

We'll convene a family meeting when everyone gets home tonight.

You know, I liked him better when he was under Osborn's control.

At least he treated me like his real daughter.

Hoo-Boy! I really pushed for us to take the other May into our family.

Did I make a mistake?

Do I really want her to join me--

--at *Midtown High?!*

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Glad you're finally back, Mayday.

Your mother said you were out with some kind of flu for the last few days.

Yeah, *clone flu.*

Not very *common.*

I just wasn't feeling like myself, *Davida.*

You're better now. That's what counts. Right, *Moose?*

Whatever ya say, *Courtney.*

Jimmy and I got you a get-well card, but brain boy forgot to mail it.

Can I help it if you distract me, *Heather?*

Oh, look! The *All-Losers Squad--!*

Don't pay attention to them, *Simone!* They're just jealous.

That's right, *Thompson!* We all wish we could be as reptilian as you.

Seeing your *ex* reminds me, Mayday--

--you ready to climb back aboard the *dating express?*

Absolutely, just as soon as I find the right guy.

I'm glad you said that, May.

We've all been discussing your situation and believe we have a solution.

Dare I ask?

Wes!

WES!

You got a minute?

Uhhh...

Sure, Davida.

The whole gang's hitting *Café Indigo* tonight to celebrate Mayday's return.
You in?
Sounds like fun.
I'll catch everybody there.
Glad to have you back, Parker.
You're looking good.
Thank you.
This will be so-- *oh, no!*
Moose, I forgot that you and I are supposed to have dinner with your uncle and his family tonight.
We *are?*
You remember... *don't you?*
Uhhhh... whatever you say, Courtney.
What was I thinking?
I also have a thing.
Of *course,* you do.
Jimmy, I assume you and *Heather--?*
Sorry, May--*science project!*
Wes and I will...
Wow!
Who is that?
I don't know--
--but I really want to.
Guess it's just going to be you and young Mr. Westin.
Okay, Davida... *you win!*
Oh, no! What's causing my spider-sense to--

Miss Parker, I've been having a delightful conversation with your cousin.

She just informed me that she'll be staying with you for the foreseeable future and intends to enroll in *Midtown*.

Hi, every-body.

I'm *April Parker.*

You mustn't blame May for not mentioning me, *Mr. Slattery.* It's an old family rivalry--

--because *April* always comes before *May.*

But we're so past that *now--right, cuz?*

I don't ever remember hearing about a cousin named *April.*

How long is she staying?

What's the dirt, May?

Where's she from?

I thought your father was an only child.

Ummm...

Errr...

=errg=

What's happening here, May?

Hi, Mom! I was just introducing the gang to *cousin April.*

Cousin *April--?!*

Yes, I arrived early, Auntie M...and remembered that you worked at May's school.

I figured I'd stop in and surprise you both.

You know me.

I'm beginning to...

Come with me and I'll fill out the necessary paperwork to get you admitted to classes.

RINNGGGG!

RINNGGGG!

Nice to meet everyone!

Hope we can all get together later.

Yeah, that'll be-- *Heather?*

Something wrong, Heather?

I don't believe it.

She just swooped in and changed everything--

--without any regard for anyone but herself.

I know this is all new to her.

The poor girl grew up in a test tube, for gosh sakes!

But she's got to learn patience--

--and to curb her darker impulses.

Or she could mean disaster to the *Parker* family.

Why can't she come to the phone?

I was told that Élan regained consciousness hours ago.

That's the ***problem,*** *sir...*

Sale!

She didn't like the accommodations.

ARGGGGGH!

Please calm down.
There's no need to shout.
Oh, but there IS!
You're a member of a *family,* young lady.
My name's *April* now.
It's still *mud* as far as I'm concerned.
We all agreed to discuss your name and school status tonight.
You agreed.
No one asked my opinion.
Whatever! Mary Jane and May defended you. They convinced me to let you stay here.
You owe them a big apology.
Well--?
What do you have to say for yourself?
Should I call you *Uncle Pete* from now on...or just *Peter?*
Hotshot, I need a few words with your father.
Could you and April please give us the room?
Already on it, mom!
Why is everyone so uptight?
I knew *this* was a mistake.
Where else could she *go,* Peter?
She's a loose cannon, Mary Jane.
She'll do better.
She's our responsibility, Peter--
--and I know how you feel about responsibility.
DING-DONG
There's no point arguing with you.
Absolutely none.
Fine, she can stay as long as there are no more surprises.
Deal! We're done with--

"--surprises?!"

Is this the *Parker* residence?

I'm looking for the *Peter Parker* who was related to *Ben Reilly.*

Ben was my *father.*

I am GWEN REILLY.

Dad has often told me that he and *Uncle Ben* were closer than brothers.

I never knew he had a kid.

Based on their expressions--

--neither did *mom* or *dad.*

It takes my parents a few minutes to roll their tongues off the floor and invite Gwen inside...

Mom and dad split up a few months before I was born.

He wrote me from the road and for a few months after he came to New York to see you.

I was too young to read his letters, so mother put them away for me.

She died a couple of months ago, and I found them among her papers.

I can guess why he eventually stopped writing...

According to dad, *Uncle Ben* died a hero--

--trying to save us all from *Norman Osborn.*

If you could tell me where he's buried.

Of course, my dear. We'll even accompany you to his grave.

I'd like that...

Everything Gwen says sounds authentic.

Logical.

Sincere.

And a little too *rehearsed.*

She's obviously *lying--*

--but *who* is she?

I've imposed enough for now. It was a real pleasure to meet you.

The pleasure was all ours.

I'll get your coat.

Please keep in touch, Gwen.

You're family now--

--and there's so much I want to learn about you.

You've all been so kind.

It's easy to understand why my father loved you.

What do you think, Peter?

Is there any chance she's who she claims to be?

I doubt it. Ben would have mentioned a daughter-- *especially if he was writing her!*

It can't be a coincidence that someone brings up ***Ben Reilly*** shortly after a clone's moved in with us.

Hey!

You're going to feel very foolish when I finally prove I'm the ***original.***

Whatever! This really isn't about you... *uhhh...*

April! Do you need me to spell it?

That won't be necessary, ***April.***

I need to run that girl's prints and find out who *she* is.

May, why don't you and ***April***--

W-Where'd they go?

Not so much fun when it happens to *you,* is it?

sigh

I can guess--

"--where they went!"

What's that gizmo?

Keeps track of the spider-tracer I planted on Gwen.

Wish April had stayed home.

Not very likely.

Ever again!

Ohmigosh! I just remembered--!

I was supposed to meet Wes at *Café Indigo* and--

BDAM!

BDAM!

BUDA!

BUDA!

Oh, boy! Sounds like another gunfight.

Want me to handle it?

Uhhhh...

No.

You focus on Gwen.

We need to learn *where* she goes and *who* she meets.

Who put you in charge?

You're not the boss of me.

Just *do* it, April--

--and *try* to not to *maim* anyone while you're at it!

BUDA!

BUDA!

BUDA!

BDAM!

BDAM!

BDAM!

BDAM!

Nice night for a gang war, boys?

Mind if I cut in?

April's right.

I *reallllllllly* got to work on my jokes.

THWIPP!

THWIPP!

I do my friendly neighborhood web-thing and a few minutes later...

Thanks for the exercise, boys.

Regular aerobics keeps a girl healthy, trim and taut in all the right places.

April and Gwen couldn't have gotten too far.

I wonder if I should call Wes.

What can I say?

AAAEEEEEEEE-;;;

Sorry I had to ditch you, but someone masquerading as my uncle's kid showed up tonight and I don't trust my clone to--

Oh, no!

NO!

APRIL--!

What have you *done?*

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

#6

Paolo 09

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

WHO KILLED GWEN REILLY?

I just arrived a few seconds before you.

Why ask me?

You are the most logical suspect.

Not only have you gone postal in the past, but your moral compass needs a major realignment.

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker* and I am the daughter of *Spider-Man.*

You've recently begun calling yourself *April Parker* and I'm still hoping you're my clone--

--because my self-esteem will take a real hit if I'm *yours.*

This poor girl showed up about an hour ago and claimed to be the daughter of my Uncle Ben.

Dad is convinced she's an imposter--

--but that doesn't give anyone the right to murder her.

C'mon, April! You must have seen something.

She couldn't have been out of your sight for more than a few seconds.

Whoa! Whoa! Are you accusing me of something?

I thought we were going to start acting like sisters and trust each other.

Trust has to be earned and-- *hey!*

I suddenly sense *danger.*

So what are we waiting for?

Let's check it out.

This is really odd.

I was sure it was coming from up here.

Where'd they go?

How could they have gotten away?

As *quick* as our spider-like reflexes are--

--there are those who move even *faster.*

Yeah.

Pull the other one why don'cha?

This is boring.

How long do we have to keep looking?

A girl was murdered, April.

It's our responsibility to find the killer.

Why? We barely knew Gwen.

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Sounds like somebody called the cops.

She's their problem now.

This is just *great!*

I gotta call dad.

He's gonna *love* this!

Hey! How come you have a cell phone and I don't?

What?!

How could anyone have gotten to that poor girl?

I thought the two of you were watching her.

We were--

--but I, *uhhh*, *we* got a little distracted.

You need to keep your priorities straight, May--

--I was counting on you.

What should we do now?

Absolutely nothing.

Thank goodness *Phil Urich* is on duty tonight.

I'll have him go over that crime scene personally.

Please tell me you didn't compromise it.

You taught me better than that.

We didn't touch a thing.

Excuse me, Cell Phone Girl...

What am I supposed to do with this stupid thing?

Oh, no!

Uhhh, Dad...

We forgot to retrieve the *spider-tracer* that we planted on her earlier.

WHAT?!?

Don't try to ignore me, May!

We're going to finish this cell phone conversation.

It's amazing the simple things you miss--

KER-BWAMM!

--when you're trapped in a wheelchair.

You're certainly making up for lost time, *Don Silvio.*

Indeed, *Marko.* Of course, I still have to learn how to control my new exoskeleton.

How is the gang war proceeding?

We got the *Black Tarantula's* men looking over their shoulders--

--even though *Spider-Girl* has interfered with a few of our hit and runs.

These young people today--they have no respect for the old ways!

Guido, reset the lane...the special way we discussed.

You got it, Don Silvio.

What should I do about Spider-Girl, sir?

You can forget about her, Marko.

I have already arranged for an old associate to teach her the importance of *respect.*

I'd rather she learned about *fear.*

Fear and respect are closely entwined in our business.

Take my old friend *Pasquale* here.

He failed to show me the proper respect by refusing to join me against the *Black Tarantula.*

He's about to fully understand the value of both--

--*fear* and *respect!*

YYYAAAAHHHHGGG!

She's all yours, Phil.
Medical Examiner already pronounced her.
Really?
FLASH
What was his first clue?
I'm just going to do a quick check for hairs and fibers.
Don't want to lose anything important when we move her.
What the heck is *that?*
Some kind of pin or toy?
I...I doubt it's anything important, Captain Ruiz.
It's still evidence, Urich.
What have you got for me, Drasco?
Not much.
We have an unidentified white female who--pending the results of a full autopsy--appears to have died from multiple stab wounds.
I hate cases like this.
Join the club.
Bag it and note that you found it in the vic's left coat pocket.
Will do, Captain.
EVIDENCE
CSU

Phil called earlier this morning to bring me up to speed...

What he say, dad?

Seems the murderer walked off with all Gwen's identification.

bread

That's a stroke of luck.

What makes you say *that*, April?

If the cops don't know she was calling herself *Gwen Reilly*, they can't tie her to us.

Except *A)* I work for the cops.

B) I want this murder solved.

And *C)* Phil had to log a certain ***spider-tracer*** into evidence.

Ouch!

Yeah... *ouch!*

I don't know about you, but I didn't sleep a wink last night.

No wonder you look so raggedy.

Something bugging you?

Dead girl?

Gang war?

Any of these ring a bell?

You worry too much.

This so-called "Gwen" was a liar and a con artist who didn't mean our family any good.

She probably got exactly what she deserved.

Besides, as you often remind me, we're the good guys.

If the cops don't find her killer, I'm sure we will.

Hoo-boy! Either April's the most well-adjusted person I've ever met--

--or a total *sociopath!*

Interesting!

Your criminal empire is under attack--

--and I find you idling away the hours with a serenity tree.

I'm glad I can still surprise you, Araña.

Shock is more like it.

If I didn't know better, I'D say the *Black Tarantula* has lost his ever-loving mind.

But you *do* know better.

The purpose of this exercise is to achieve subtlety and balance.

It is quite similar to my duties as the Kingpin of Crime.

I keep the criminals in line by giving them rules which must be obeyed--

--and help maintain the delicate equilibrium between the predators and the prey.

I didn't realize you were such a humanitarian. Someone should give you an award.

Would you like me to dispose of the trash, master?

That won't be necessary, Chesbro.

What do you have here?

It appears *Don Silvio* has engaged the services of a well-known assassin.

Anyone we know?

I'm afraid so...

CONFIDENTIAL

LINCOLN, L.

Oh, no!

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

I forgot all about *Wes.*

Hey, Parker-- was I punked last night?

I hung around *Café Indigo* for nearly an hour and nobody showed.

I...I am so sorry, Wes... something unexpected came up.

Who's the cutie, May?

None of your business.

I hope it wasn't anything serious.

No, not at all.

Are you *blushing?*

Introduce me!

Ahhh, never mind...

So you're *Wes.* I'm *April.* May's cousin.

Yeah, I... I can see the resemblance.

You are so adorable.

How's about you show the new girl around?

Uummm... I'm sure May would prefer to...

Forget, May! She's got labs to do and papers to write.

You know how she is--

--she *never* has time for anything fun!

I don't believe it.

I've been dancing around the *Wes* issue for months--

--and April waltzes off with him on her second day at Midtown.

Maybe she *is* the original.

She certainly seems comfortable living *my* life.

Thanks for the ride.

My pleasure.

Are you still there, sir?

One moment...

Please tell me you have managed to locate *Fury.*

I wish I could, sir.

She seems to have *vanished* without a trace.

I don't have to tell you what a disaster this is...

I can't keep avoiding *Philippe DeJunae.* He wants to know what happened to his daughter.

Find her!

Since I'm not much of a detective, I decide to contact someone who is--

RRRING!

--and arrange to meet him after school.

I don't even bother trying to find April.

Although I do wonder if she's meeting Wes.

Bah! I can't worry about that.

Not when I'm in the middle of a murder mystery.

ROOF

Thanks for coming, Darkdevil.

What's the big emergency?

I tell him all about the girl who called herself *Gwen Reilly.*

I...I'm familiar with your family history...and have certainly heard of *Ben Reilly.*

Dad's convinced the girl's a fake.

He claims Ben never had any kids.

Your father doesn't know... *everything.*

Wh-what are you saying?

I need to look into this matter--

--and you should investigate the rooftops around the crime scene.

Not a bad idea.

Call me if you learn anything.

You do the same.

I spend the next few hours going from rooftop to rooftop--

--searching--

--scouring--

--hunting!

If April was bored last night--

--she'd be dying now.

(Which, I must confess, holds a certain sick appeal.)

Even my attention span is starting to lag when I finally spot it--

--blood splatter.

While I know it could belong to anyone, my gut says Gwen.

That means April just might be as innocent as she claims.

If the murderer passed this way, he or she may have the ability to fly, teleport or just travel over the rooftops.

That means my suspect list still includes nearly every costumed clown I know and--

BUDA!
KA-BWAM!
BWAM!

Sounds like it's web-swinging time!

Don't be *ridiculous!*

Ben Reilly did not have a daughter.

How can you be so certain, Kaine?

Even he didn't know about his own son.

Your mother was the only woman he ever truly loved.

Trust me. I kept a close eye on Ben for years.

You are his *only* child.

Then *who* is this woman?

ONLY

MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT

Today's your lucky day, Urich. Believe it or not, I got a quick hit on your vic's prints.

I was you, I'd buy me a lottery ticket.

I just might do that, Marty.

Ohmigosh!

Pete's going to freak when he sees this report.

Down with the Black Tarantula!

Are you guys nuts?

We work for *Fancy Dan* and don't care who he splits with.

I hear you, brother.

You're just worker bees and have no interest in hive politics.

Let's all hold hands and let the bosses fight their own battles.

Lady, you're even crazier than these mooks.

BRA-TAA-TAA-TAA

So much for my big Kumbaya moment.

Guess I'll just have to resort to the usual routine.

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP!

Huh--?!

What's the big idea?

Do you *really* need an answer?

Nice work, Spider-Girl.

We could use a couple *dozen* of you with this *gang war* going on.

Bite your tongue, officer! One of me is more than sufficient.

Besides, you guys are the real heroes and--

Uh-Oh! I'm getting that *feeling*, again.

There's danger above me.

Is it possible the murderer has returned?

Come out!
Come out!
Wherever you are!
As you wish my dear...
It's a pleasure to finally meet you.
THONG!
KSMAAASH!
I knew your father.
At least I assume you're related.
He must have mentioned me over the years.
BKWAAASH!

The name is TOMBSTONE!

POLICE

#7
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY
READY FOR ACTION!
Spider-gir
Swinging
the
ch or menace?!

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

INTO THE FIRE!

Sorry we don't have time to get better acquainted, sweetness.

Somebody wants you *dead*--

--and you're just another payday to *Tombstone*.

YIKES!

Head's pounding.

Hard to concentrate.

Must be suffering from a mild concussion.

To make matters even worse, this creep claims to be one of dad's old enemies--

--which means I'm getting trashed by a guy who's practically a senior citizen.

My name is May "Mayday" Parker--

--and I am the daughter of Spider-Man.

Gotta focus.

Need to find out who sent him.

Is this related to the *gang war* that recently erupted in the city--

THWIPP!

THWIPP!

--or the murder of the girl who called herself *Gwen Reilly?*

STHAP!

THAP!

Not bad.

Not bad at all.

You shouldn't sound so surprised, old man.

If you really fought *Spider-Man*--

--you'd know that we spiders are harder to kill than an apartment full of--

ARRRGH!

H-his *jaw--!*

Feels like I just slammed into a *steel wall.*

The original web-head really should have warned you about me.

Might have saved you a *world of hurt.*

=Urrrrk=

This is not going well.

I may not have enough raw power to take this clown.

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to ditch--

--April!

Looky, Lindsey!

It's the "new girl" everyone's been talking about.

CAFÉ INDIGO EST 1998

She's Parker's cousin, Simone. And, by "everyone," you mean all the boys--

--who are wondering if she's as cheap and tacky as the clothes she wears.

These witches are about to learn that they're messing with the wrong *Parker.*

I may look like *May*--

My clothes?!

They're insulting my clothes?

"--but that's where the resemblance ends."

I simply must *tweet* the other girls about this.

Are you going to tell them what I said?

It wasn't *that* funny, Lindsey.

SSSSKSST

AAYYEEEEEE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Nice *spanks,* Simone!

Did you just hear something?

Yeah, it sounded like ripping cl--

You've got some nice moves, darlin'.

A little smoother and more graceful than your old man.

Not that they'll save you.

I'm a *killin' machine.*

Really?

I'm more into *saving lives* and--

Yee-OWCH!

You finally getting the picture?

Nothing can injure my stone-hard skin.

Y-you there, Guido?

*Where **else** would I be, dummy?*

Why you gotta be so mean all the time?

Fergetaboutit, Nunzio--

--and just tell me why you're callin'.

Just heard from Nunzio, Don Silvio.

He sez the game's *on.*

I knew *Tombstone* wouldn't fail. Once he disposes of *Spider-Girl,* we'll send him to call on the *Black Tarantula.*

POLICE

WHAT--?!

POLICE
MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT

POLICE

I said we got a hit on the girl who claimed to be Ben Reilly's daughter.

Her real name's *Connie Fredickson.*

She's a small-time grifter who's taken a number of short falls.

Get this, Pete--one of the aliases she often used was *Connie Osborn.*

Osborn?

What's her connection to the Osborns, Phil?

The girl's mother was a psychiatric nurse who had a brief relationship with *Norman.*

It still doesn't make any sense, Kaine.

Even if Norman was the girl's father, that still doesn't explain her resemblance to *Gwen Stacy--*

--or her knowledge of *Ben Reilly.*

I'm guessing someone prepped her on *Ben* and put her under the knife so she'd look like *Gwen.*

But *why?!*

Think, Darkdevil! It's gotta be someone who really hates the *Parkers--*

--and wants to eliminate anyone who might be an heir to the *Osborn* legacy.

You don't think it's--

Who *else* would it be?

Yeow!

My ankles are still sore--

--and can barely support me.

Everything's spinning.

Don't know how much longer I can remain conscious.

But I can't give up.

I just *can't.*

UGGGH! Think I just busted my other hand.

I know I should run for my life--

--but I doubt I'd get far.

You seem to be slowing down, little girl.

Don't tell me that's *all* you've got!

Nope.

I think I still have enough strength to rip off my mask--

--and throw up on you.

Yum!
There's the hottie who seems to like *May*.
If anyone knows where to find her, he's the man.
How you doing, handsome? Remember me? The sexier, prettier *Parker*.
Uhhhh... oh...hi, April.
What's that you're drawing?
They're sketches for a comic book I work on.
You draw comics? *Cool!*
Isn't that May's cousin? We should say hello.
Hold up a minute, Courtney! I don't think she wants to be disturbed.
What do you mean, Davida?
Isn't it obvious? She's hitting on Wes.
Y-you can't be serious. Doesn't she know how May feels about him?
Trust me-- I recognize the moves.
I've used them often enough.
We've got to warn our girl.
Answer, May.
Why don't you *answer?*

ZZZZZZZZZZ

There's gotta be a way to beat this guy.

Maybe I can immobilize him and--

You're starting to lose it, li'l darlin'.

Not only are your reflexes slowin', but you're also telegraphin' your moves.

THWIPP!

Not that I'm complaining.

H-he's right. I'm on the verge of collapse.

Winning is no longer an option.

It's going to take everything I've got just to *survive!*

One more thing--

--I find those *web-shooters* very annoying.

THWAK!

SKTAASH!

That was fun.
We should do it, again.
Call me.
Uhhhh... sure.
Say hello to Mayday for me.
Say hello to Mayday--?!
Is it possible this idiot prefers her to me?
Not that I care.
What kind of a loser makes comic books?
Still, there are principles involved.
It's bad enough May's been living the life that should have been mine.
No fair she gets the cuties, too.
I am so tempted to catch up to Wes and rip out his--
WEEDOWEEDO
FDNY
This looks like fun.
My god--!
Those poor people.
What's going on?
The fire is blocking the middle floors--
"--And the residents at the top are *trapped.*"
FDNY

May is always lecturing me about what it means to be a *hero.*

I'm pretty sure this is one of those occasions.

This is my big chance to prove I can web-swing as well as she can.

She'll be so sorry she ditched me.

--by going into action as the real *Spider-Girl.*

Why do I have to get stuck with the *blue costume,* anyway?

And I'll make her even sorrier--

The odds are pretty good that I'm the *original May Parker* and fake May is only my *clone.*

It's time I claimed my true destiny--

--as the *daughter of Spider-Man.*

What the--?!

Something's *wrong,* Don Silvio.

The news is showing *Spider-Girl* at some fire in Queens.

She musta escaped Tombstone.

Get Nunzio on the phone.

I want an explanation. *NOW!*

Uhhhh...what are you talking about, Guido?

She's right in front of me.

We're in the construction site across the street from the large electronics store overlooking *Queens Boulevard.*

"Yeah, I heard a buncha sirens awhile ago--

"--But I don't see no fire.

"No, I ain't been drinking.

"Why you got to be so mean all the time?"

What the--?!

STARK

LIVE

Another Spider-Girl?

I-it's *April.*

Looks like she's *saving* lives--

--while I'm *losing* mine.

Shoulda realized this was too easy.

If she's the real *Spider-Girl*, who are you?

Who ARE you?

Good question.

I always assumed I was the *original*--

--and *April* was the *clone*.

But she seems to live my life better than I ever did.

She's fitting right into *Midtown High*--

--and being a real *hero*--

--while I play *punching bag*.

Maybe April *is* the original.

No, I can't think like that.

Can't give up on myself.

I'll find a way to outsmart this granite-faced freak.

I've gotta find a way.

I've just *gotta*.

POLIC
MIDTOWN PRECINCT

Good evening, gentlemen.

Mr. Urich, the desk sergeant just brewed a fresh pot of coffee. Why don't you get yourself a cup?

Uhhhh... sure, Captain.

EXIT

Don't hurry back! Mr. Parker and I need the room.

Something wrong, Captain Ruiz?

CSU

You tell me.

A troubling piece of ***evidence*** was found on the body of our murdered Jane Doe--

--the girl tentatively identified as ***Connie Fredickson.***

I'm sure you recognize it.

What about it?

EVID

You need to come clean with me, Parker--

--and tell me absolutely ***everything*** you know about ***Spider-Girl.***

VIDE

HOO-HA!

This hero thing is pretty cool.

I finally understand why May's so into it.

Enjoy your moment of glory, Spider-Girl.

LIVE

PLYM-IN

You'll soon be joining *Gwen Reilly.*

=ARRRRK=

C-can't fail.

H-he'll kill me if I do.

Not that anyone will notice.

April can continue as Spider-Girl--

--and replace me at Midtown.

Probably do a better job at both.

I know my parents and li'l Benjy will miss me--

--for awhile.

NO!

I'm not ready to die.

I refuse to give up and I simply won't--

You WASTED my time, you blasted imposter.

I HATE that.

WHAKT!

THWAKT!

BWAKK!

BWAM!

BTOK!

THWOK!

WHAKT!

THWAKT!

I hate YOU!

:huff:

:huff:

H-how we doing, Mr. Tombstone?

It's done.

I have a question for you, young man, and I expect a truthful answer.

Did Don Silvio know there were *two* Spider-Girls?

I...*uhhh*... I really don't think so, sir.

He wouldn't have called if he did.

No, probably not.

Well, then, if I expect to get paid, I suppose I'll just have to *kill*--

--The OTHER Spider-Girl!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

#8

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

Hey, New York!

THERE'S A NEW SPIDER-GIRL IN TOWN!

I call myself *April Parker.*

My real name is *May,* but my *clone's* been using that one.

For the past sixteen years, she's been living the life that should have been mine.

She's been living as the daughter of Spider-Man while I was in suspended animation.

The other May thinks she's the original, but that's a lie.

She *also* seems to have ditched me tonight.

I don't care.

I've already saved a bunch of stupid civilians from a roaring fire and been hailed a hero.

That proves I don't need the other May.

I'll bet I can even figure out who killed *Gwen Reilly* without her.

How hard can it be to solve a murder, anyway?

According to what I've seen on television, practically *anyone* can do it--

--and it only takes about an hour.

I guess I should return to the scene of the--

AAAYEEE!

Hhmmm!

Sounds like someone's in trouble.

Ugh...another petty distraction--

--but I suppose I should check it out.

I foolishly allowed May to get the credit for my last save.

This time I'll go in *my* version of our costume.

Sigh I really hope this doesn't take long.

I want to finish this *Gwen Reilly* nonsense before I go home tonight.

C'mon, lady! Let it go.

Don't force me to hurt ya!

No, please! It's all I *have*.

KTWANNG!

Pretty dumb to carry your life savings in your handbag, lady.

Even *I've* heard of banks--

--although, now that I think about it, you may have the right idea after all.

ARRRGH!
You trying to sneak up on me, idiot?
Not possible.
SLASSSSH!
I can always sense danger.
You'll be *sorry* you ever attempted to cross me.
My God--!
You're even more *vicious* than they are.
W-what kind of a costumed lunatic are you?
Keep away from me!
I'm WARNING ya!
You're warning *me?!*
HA!
You think you're the only one who can *terrorize* people?
Welcome to my world.
EEEEEYII!
I... I don't believe it.
That ungrateful cow ran off without so much as a thank you.
What's the fun of playing hero if no one applauds when you're done?
Oh, well!
This doesn't have to be a total loss...
You guys did pretty good for one night.
Mind if I help myself?
I need to pick up a few things--
--and I still haven't worked out that allowance thing with my parents.

This ain't *right*, Don Silvio.

You hired me to eliminate your insect problem.

I *did*--

--But then I learned there was more than one.

I apologize, Tombstone.

I myself was unaware of the second infestation--

--and will, of course, ***double*** your fee.

I have already arranged for Guido and Nunzio to handle the disposal of the first.

As for the second, my people are attempting to locate her now.

Assume you will hear from me shortly.

I eagerly await your call, Don Silvio.

Not a bad haul.

May never mentioned the benefits of this hero thing.

Selfish witch!

She's been hogging all the profits for herself.

That's going to change.

I'm entitled to a fair cut.

I have expenses, too.

BUY NOW

RONICS

Sweeeeet!
I finally have my own cell phone--
--and it's much hotter than May's.
I should call her up right now and--*hey!*
Is that young *Wes* standing outside the comic book store?
There's obviously something wrong with that boy.
I still can't believe he prefers *May* over me.
I've been wondering how I can get back at her for ditching me tonight--
--and I think I finally have a solution.
Hey, handsome--!
It's you.
Listen, Wes, I know my cousin *April* is mega-sexy, personable and attractive.
I've always been *soooo* jealous of her.
Huh--?!
Don't interrupt me, Wes! I hate being interrupted.
Anyway, I just wanted to let you know how I really feel about you.
I certainly can't blame you for preferring her over me.
Everyone else does.
B-but, *May*--

Elsewhere...

That's just *disgusting.*

To think that someone planned to kill the woman known as *Gwen Reilly*--

--even as they were recruiting her, prepping her and making her undergo plastic surgery.

The murderer obviously has or had a connection to *Norman Osborn*--

--and a burning desire to hurt the *Parkers,* Darkdevil.

That warehouse has often served as a meeting place for Osborn's *Goblin Cult.*

What are we waiting for, Kaine?

There's a good chance they commissioned the hit.

My sentiments exactly.

Cute.

You should have told me you were going to teleport in.

I would have hitched a ride.

Your way was more dramatic.

And likely to draw everyone's fire.

There is *that*--

--although it doesn't seem to have mattered.

This place is deserted... and in ruins.

Based on all the blood splatter, I'd say someone else is hunting *Goblins.*

Yeah, and I'm sure it's...

...the *murderer.*

Meanwhile, young love is about...

Bus Stop

I assume the message has been received.

Um...er... yes...

I've got to run.

Call me.

That'll teach *May* to ditch me.

She's going to have a lot of explaining to do.

Now what?

Should I go back to playing detective

...or head for home?

For all I know, May has already turned in for the night.

Yo! I got eyes on *Spider-Girl* and she's heading north on--

NO PARK ING

I almost feel sorry for poor dumb *May*.

She has no idea that her life is about to get--

"--very complicated!"

This tracking device was found on the body of our vic--

--which means *Spider-Girl* is somehow involved in this murder.

I've been with the *NYPD* most of my life, *Parker.*

Some were outright vigilante psychos.

Some, like *Spider-Man,* were a tough read.

Your *Captain Americas* and *Thors* were in a whole separate category.

One guy gave me a completely different perspective on the word *"hero."*

You remember *Thunderstrike?*

I'm talking the original, not the kid with the current *Avengers.*

What about him, Captain Ruiz?

He was the *real deal--a man who just wanted to make things better.*

He did the *best* he could-- *making the tough decisions until it cost him everything.*

My point is...I get the same read off *Spider-Girl.*

I think she's for real.

You used to hang with the original web-head.

If you know *anything* that can convince me she's not behind this murder--

--speak NOW!

Whoa!

I've wasted nearly ten minutes and I'm no closer to finding the murderer.

Maybe I should question the usual suspects.

Unfortunately, I don't have any usual--*yay!*

That's probably the killer now.

THUMP!

KWAK!

KRASH!

Got to admit--*he has an impressive way of announcing himself!*

Suffft!

Barely managed to dodge all those pipes.

Who attacks with old plumbing, anyway?

He must be some sort of deranged plumber

You took your own sweet time getting here.

C'mon, I only started ten minutes ago. We have nearly fifty left.

Just so that we're clear--*you killed Gwen, right?*

BWHOFFF!

I never bothered to ask her real name.

KWAMMMM!

Don't care about yours, either.

Never pays to get too chummy with your marks.

Whew. Need a breather.

One more shot to the head and I'm *finished.*

I'll beat you like I did the other *Spider-Girl.*

KLANK!

Yeow!

That... hurt.

Shut up! Why aren't you wearing web-shooters?

Why on earth did you aim for my--

You interrupted me!

I *hate* being interrupted.

As for the shooters, don't need'em.

I'm a whole new kind of web-slinger--

--which is why I could heal my wrist so quickly.

Doesn't matter *what* you can do, I'm gonna *slaughter* you as easily--

--as I KILLED the other Spider-Girl!

W-what--?!

You--

--killed--

--Spider-Girl?!

YOU KILLED Spider-GIRL?!

You made a big mistake.

A *fatal* one.

What the--?!

You have *claws?*

Yeah, and I also have news...

I'm the real SPIDER-GIRL!

You only fought a cheap *imitation.*

Whatever.

I get paid either way.

You may have a few more tricks than the other web-girl.

I don't care...

I'm still TOMBSTONE--

--and NO ONE beats me!

For all your mouthing, the other Spidey held out longer.

If I had to bet on who's the real McCoy, I'd go with her.

Really?

I'll take that bet.

W-whaaa--?!

Y-you got powers just like *Venom*.

Sort of...

Kind of...

I'm actually a hybrid of human and symbiote.

Don Silvio set me up!

I never would have taken this job if I'd known!

You're a whole different level of *weird.*

I'm even worse than you think, Mister.

Worse than you worst nightmare.

Forget about trying to escape, Tombstone.

You killed my... *sister.*

Besides, we had a bet--

--and the stakes were your life!

Let me go!

Leave me alone, you psycho!

Psycho... *moi?*

That's rich coming from you.

I'm a businessman, kiddo.

It's *never* personal.

You caught me fair and square.

Call the cops and let's get this over with.

Odds are Silvio's lawyers will have me back on the street before you're home watching the C.W.

You really haven't been paying attention.

You don't scare me, little girl.

I don't care how different you are.

I fought your father enough times to know where he stood on killing and--

HYUKKKKT

I am a whole new kind of Spider-person.

GASP

THUMP!

Hello, Mom--?
It's May.
Yeah, I'm using a new phone.
I have some important news...
April is gone.
She's finally out of our lives forever.
I'll explain everything when I get home.
I love you, too...
My name is May "Mayday" Parker--
--and I am the real daughter of Spider-Man.

#1
WEB OF
SPIDER-MAN

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

NEW JERSEY PINE BARRENS...

That's *enough*, Brandon.

It's *real*, mom. I've seen it.

I'm sick of you torturing your little sister, Brandon. Your weird stories are giving her nightmares.

I'm not lying, mom. The *Jersey Devil* is real. It's out there now. I can hear it.

Is that so? Let's go say hello.

No, mom! NO!

What did I tell you?

I don't see any *monsters* lurking about.

W-we gotta get back inside, mom.

NOW!

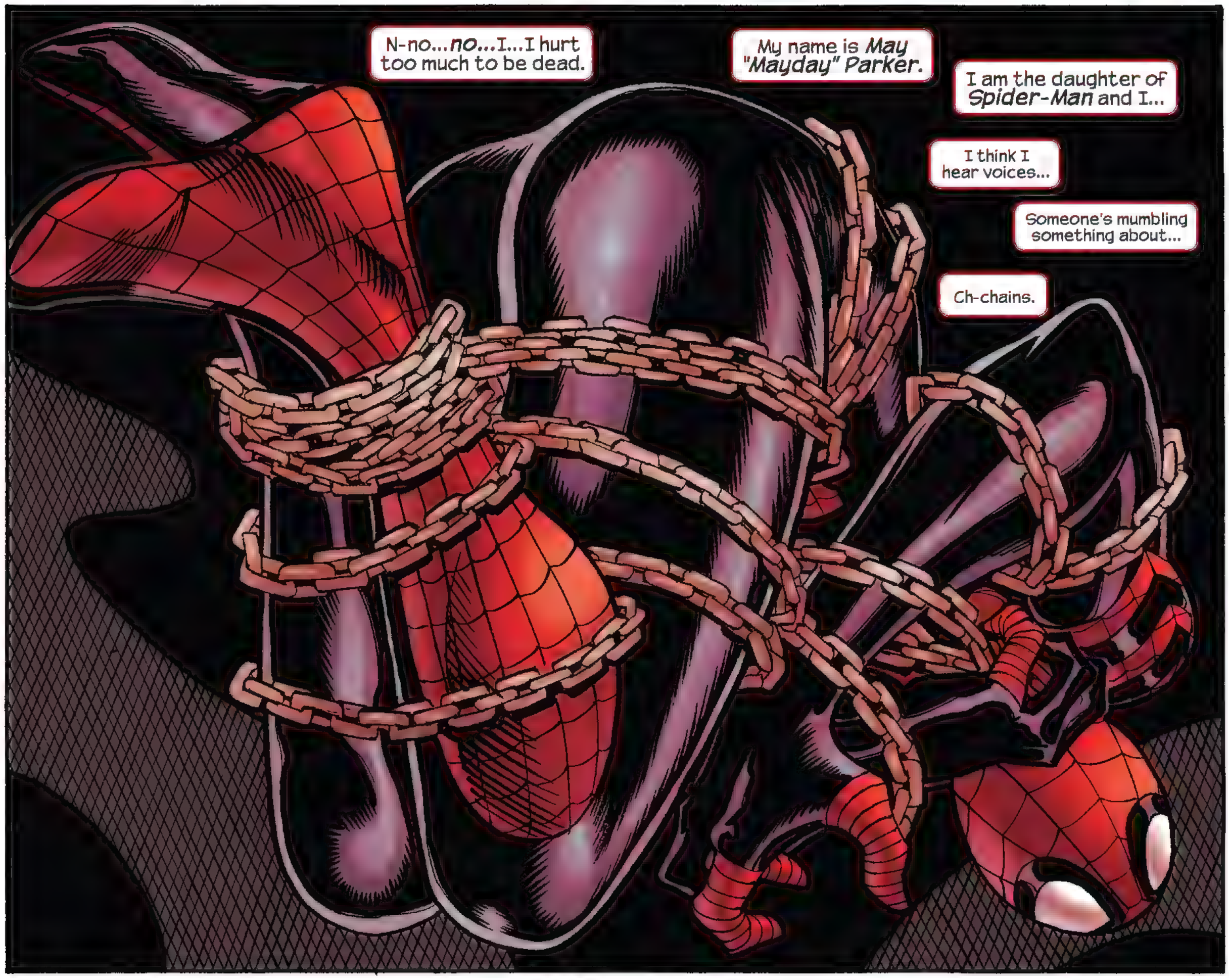
What on earth are you--

Oh, god.

Oh, god.

SKREEEEEEEEEEE

angels and devils



I'm just saying it don't make no sense, Guido. Why she gotta be in *chains* if she's already *dead?*

'Cause I planned on dumpin' her in the river, Nunzio.

But *Don Silvio* told me to take her to the *Pine Barrens.*

I like your idea better. There ain't no *Jersey Devil* in the Hudson.

Are you freakin' kidding me? You don't actually believe that bushwah.

The *Jersey Devil* is just an urban legend, knot-head.

Like all them muties livin' in the sewers.

Nah! Nah! The Devil's real, Guido.

Kurt the kid and *Pat the olive-eater* both seen it.

Idiot! They was bustin' on you.

Why you gotta be so mean all the time?

How can you do the stuff we do and still believe in that superstitious baccala?

Life is simple, Nunzio. You're born. You live.

And you eventually end up like this poor stiff.

Thank you, Jean-Paul Sartre!

Hate to mess up your worldview, but life is a tad more complicated.

Starting with the fact that the rumors of my demise appear to be somewhat premature.

In other words--

SPIDER-GIRL LIVES!

Blast her, Nunzio!

Don't let'er get away!

KPOK!

KPOK!

KPOK!

THANG!

TING!

TROF!

W-whadda we do now, Guido?

What do ya think, moron? We go after her and finish the job.

Ain't no way I'm tellin' *Tombstone* or *the Don* we lost their stiff.

B-but the *Jersey Devil's* in them woods.

SHADDUP already!

Or I'm plantin' *two* stiffs.

I heard enough outta you for one night. Yer like my old lady the way yer always on my butt.

Why you got to be so mean all the time?

=UGGGN=

Head's still pounding.

Probably have a minor concussion.

At least I'm hoping it's *minor.*

Tombstone really did a job on me.

He smashed my web-shooters, crushed my cell phone and covered me with bruises.

My left ankle can barely support my weight--

--and I have enough nausea to light up *Philadelphia.*

It's my own fault.

This never would have happened if I hadn't ditched *April* earlier tonight.

I have to assume she'll eventually realize I'm in serious trouble--

--and come for me.

=ULLLPPP=

Barely got my mask up in time.

I am such a mess.

A gross, disgusting mess.

Gotta get moving.

I doubt I could even handle those two clowns in my present condition--

--and I'm much too dizzy to try to escape by playing *Tarzan*.

I just have to hold out until *April* can find me.

We may have had our differences about who's the original *May*, but I know I can count on her and--*oh, no!*

What am I sensing now?!

How much longer you think this is gonna be? I need to stop and take a wicked--

Shaddup! You ain't doin' nuthin' until we finish the Don's business.

B-but I really gotta--

Uhhh, Guido?

What is it now, dummy?

SKREEEEEEEEEE

Y-ya don't wanna know.

Holy--!

KPOK!

KPOK!

BDAM!

KPOK!

What the--?!

EEEYI!!

ARRRGH!

AKKK!

YAAAAAH!

Whatever's going on back there--*it doesn't concern me!*

It *isn't* my problem.

I should just--

Who am I kidding?

With great power should also come *Bla Bla Bla!*

Daddy, there are times I really ***hate*** the way you raised me.

Hhhmmm! Looks like someone took issue with these fine gentlemen.

Could it have been *April?*

No, she would have inflicted a lot more damage.

So would a wild animal.

These guys got a good working over, but they'll live.

Hey... what's *that?!*

Odd!

Why do I doubt it belongs to this jerk?

Could he have grabbed it off his--

--attacker?

ANSWER, you idiot!

What's wrong with you, Guido?

Why don't you answer your blasted cell phone?

I know the *Pine Barrens* has spotty reception, but you should have been done long before now.

Call me as soon as you get this message.

Blast it! I hate waiting around.

The *gang war* is obviously heating up.

My police contact just informed me that *Tombstone* was found dead.

I can only assume the *Black Tarantula* is responsible.

You disappoint me, Don Silvio. Such a childish display of pique is beneath a man of your accomplishments.

The Black Tarantula!

How dare you breach the sanctity of my home?

Please forgive me. I can be quite impulsive at times.

I also took the liberty of disarming all your guards and arranging it so that we won't be disturbed.

It's time you and I discussed this so-called *gang war* like the gentlemen we claim to be.

There you go!

You'll be back to breaking legs before you know it.

Hopefully, they won't be *mine*.

And, speaking of my safety...

Hate to leave you two unarmed--

--but I'm in no shape to carry you with me.

I can't even call for help on your cell phone.

There doesn't seem to be any reception out here.

No biggie! I'll just go back to the car and drive around until I get some.

Of course, I'm suddenly wishing I'd signed up for *Driver's Ed.*

Here's hoping I make it back to the car before I pass out.

Hello?

Can you hear me now?

So much for *that* commercial!

I'm sorry, Parker.

POLICE
MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT

Based on your past association with *Spider-Man*, I hoped you could convince me that *Spider-Girl* was one of the good guys.

I don't know what to tell you, Captain Ruiz.

That's the problem.

She is now wanted in connection with at least two murders.

I am ordering all units to bring her in.

SKREEEEEEEEEE

ARRRGH!

What's happened to my life?

I am so tired of fighting thieves, murderers, super-powered psychos and *whatever*.

I am just so--

--very, very tired.

I gotta find the strength to defend myself.

I just gotta or--

SKREEEEEEEEEE

SMAK!

SKRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Bad mans try hurt Batwing.

Take *mine*.

MINE!

Ohmigosh! This can't be real.

I mean...*the Jersey Devil?!*

Seriously?!

I-it's no use.

I...

I'm finished.

It doesn't really matter.

April will continue as *Spider-Girl.*

She'll probably do a better job than I ever did.

She certainly seems to live my life better.

I ust hope my parents and little Benjy don't miss me too--

Mine.

MINE!

W-what was I thinking?

This concussion must be worse than I thought--

--because my name is *May "Mayday" Parker.*

I am the daughter of *Spider-Man* and I never *give up.*

I never *surrender.*

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

I'll always find a way to win.

I will always survive.

Always--

New York City--another Spider-Girl tests her limits!

YEE-HAAAAA!

Now *this* is what I'm talking about.

This is the life I was *meant* to live.

Now that Mayday's dead, I'll just take over her identity and no one will ever be the wiser.

I know she always thought she was the original *May Parker* and that I was her *clone*--

--but the proof is in the *living*.

She didn't have what it took to beat *Tombstone*.

I did.

Thanks to my symbiotic powers, I can mimic her perfectly--

--right down to her mechanical web-shooters.

Not even her-- *errrrr--my* parents will realize I pulled the old *switcheroo*.

I'm even going to tell Dad that *Tombstone* is the one who killed *Gwen Reilly*.

Not that I really care if he *did* or *didn't*.

I just want to wrap up that stupid murder case so that this little web-swinger can finally start living happily ever--

--after?!

Nice threads...

...but you're not fooling ANYONE, Sweetie!

I know you're not the real Spider-Girl.

You're just a cheap imitation that grew up in a test tube.

You are a hybrid between human and symbiote which means you're especially vulnerable to *flames*--

--and *sonics*.

You were bred to be the ultimate weapon against the *Parkers*--

--and I'm going to help you fulfill that *destiny!*

=ARRRRK=

Take it easy, young lady.
You're in safe hands now.
W-who--?!
I'm *Father Santini.*
Tending my flock.
W-what are you doing out here?
One of my parishioners and her son had a bit of a scare earlier this evening.
Th-there are two others.
I believe they're already in police custody.
Tell me, Father--*you ever see a winged demon around here?*
In my line of work, one sees far too many demons.
I know how *that* goes.
I suspect you do.
Fighting monsters is a never-ending battle for some.
It's a terrible burden and may sometimes overwhelm us.
That's when we need to have faith in our better *angels*--
--and find the inner strength to be *heroes.*
Where should I drop you?
The entrance to the *George Washington Bridge* will be fine.
CHEVROLET
I've got to get home, rest up and prepare myself--

"--so that I'll be ready to battle a couple more DEMONS!"

WEB OF
SPIDER-MAN
#2

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

LIKE A FURY SCORNED!

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker.*

I am the daughter of *Spider-Man* and even I can't believe the day I had.

While searching for the murderer of the girl known as *Gwen Reilly,* I stumbled upon a city-wide *gang war*--

--was almost beaten to death by a super-powered psycho called *Tombstone*--

KIP

--who ordered his goons to dump my body in the *Pine Barrens*--

--where I had a close encounter with the legendary *Jersey Devil.*

Whew! I'm battered, bruised, and on the verge of exhaustion.

I just want to burrow beneath my covers for the next hundred years--

--but my *spider-sense* tells me I'm about to be ambushed.

It's nearly *two* in the morning, young lady.
Where have you been all night?
Uhhhh...
We've been calling your cell for hours.
Why haven't you answered?
I...I couldn't.
My phone got trashed--along with my web-shooters--during a fight.
Ohmigosh! Look at you--!
Are you all right, hon?
I'm fine, mom... *honest.*
Just a little sore.
Say... where's *April?*
You don't know?
Why would I?
You called a few hours ago.
Told me she was *gone.*
Out of our lives forever!
Said you'd explain when you got home.
That was *you* on the phone--
--wasn't it?
No.
Not me.
I'm sure I would have been notified if she'd been arrested.
In case you didn't know, the police are currently looking for *Spider-Girl*--
--in connection with the murder of the Jane Doe who passed herself off as *Gwen Reilly.*
April's gone--
--and the police are after *me?!*
YIKES!
Is her disappearance somehow tied to the *gang war*--
--or the death of *Gwen Reilly?*

Elsewhere...

Isn't it *obvious?*

I, Fury the Goblin Queen killed Gwen Reilly--

--although her real name was *Connie Fredrickson.*

A dear, sweet girl--*the perfect pawn!*

She did everything I told her--even underwent *plastic surgery!*

Such a pity that her father may have been *Norman Osborn.*

But you know all about eliminating potential rivals.

W-Why would I?

Let's not be coy.

We both know you're the clone of *Spider-Girl.*

A hybrid with the powers of the *Venom symbiote.*

Hence the sonic chamber to negate your additional abilities.

Y-you're WRONG!

I'm the real Spider-Girl.

The only one... now.

Do you really think that's how the *Parkers* see you?

You'll always be a *fake*--an *imposter*--in their eyes.

They'll never accept you as their daughter.

W-what do the Parkers have to do with any of this?

Nice try, sweetie.

In case you've forgotten, you accidentally let it slip--

--that *Peter Parker* is *Spider-Man* the first time we met.*

*In *Amazing Spider-Girl #27.*

WHAT--?!

How on earth did *Guido* and *Nunzio* end up in police custody?

The *Jersey what?!* Never mind. I've heard enough. Just get them released.

Ironic, isn't it?

The lawyers always profit from misfortune.

Yet we're considered the criminals.

We need to end this gang war, *Don Silvio.*

It's bad for business.

Please be careful with that sculpture, *Black Tarantula.*

I bought it at auction for six figures.

Early fifteenth century if I am not mistaken.

You have a good eye for art.

How do you propose we resolve our differences?

I suggest we join forces.

I will welcome you into my organization and make you one of my chief lieutenants.

A-are you *insane?*

You want *me* to work for *you?*

Why not?

It certainly beats the *alternative.*

HOO-HA!

I sleep like the dead for five hours--

--and wake up completely invigorated.

Having the proportionate strength and stamina of a spider can be very handy at times.

=Ooch= Spoke too soon.

Right ankle's still a little dodgy.

Better take it slow for the next few days.

=sigh= I'm also going to need a major make-up job to cover these bruises.

On my way down to breakfast, I peek into April's room and see that she still hasn't returned.

Where is she? What's happened to her?

I'm surprised to see you up so early.

It's a school day.

Any word on April?

No, afraid not...but I did hear from *Phil Urich.*

He just finished a 12-8 at the police lab.

One of my old super-enemies was found dead last night.

Did I ever mention *Tombstone* to you?

Th-the guy with the rock-hard skin?

Yeah, coroner is thinking homicide.

You know anything about it?

Me?

Absolutely not.

That monster almost killed me.

Who could possibly-- *April!*

Is that why she suddenly decided to disappear?

He's probably another victim of that horrible gang war the *Daily Bugle* keeps going on about.

Speaking of which--

You don't even have to say it, Mom.

I'm staying out of it.

Seriously?

Seriously!

I promise to give the spider-thing a rest until I'm clear with the cops--

--and Dad repairs my web-shooters.

I'll get on them ASAP.

Thank you, Daddy.

See you later!

April can't be the killer.

I don't know which of us is the original or the copy--

--but no true Parker would ever take a life.

There must be another explanation for her vanishing act.

It's funny when you think about it...

The two of us have so much in common.

We are the true daughters of the original *Green Goblin.*

To one degree or another, we were both created by him--

--to be used as living weapons against *Spider-Man* and his family.

And, ultimately, we were both discarded by the bumbling bureaucrats who now rule the *Order of the Goblin.*

*Doesn't your **monologing** have an off switch?*

Why don't you just kill me now and get it over with?

Kill you--?!

HA!

I just want you to know that I have no desire to harm you.

"After all, we're practically *family.*"

In fact, I think we should *team up...*

I'll be back later, you silly girl. I need to run an errand.

You *crazy*, girl?

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

You want to play basketball? Come back on the team, but stay away from the public parks.

You look like you got mugged.

It was supposed to be a friendly game, Davida.

You don't need friends like that, May.

You're practically limping.

I'm fine, Courtney... *honest.*

PARKER!

Hey, Parker!

Wait up, Angel.

Angel--?

Angel--?!

Angel.

Sorry to interrupt, ladies.

I just wanted to say a quick "hey" to May.

Last night was...*well!!!!!*... pretty fantastic.

I...I tried to call...but all your numbers are unlisted.

So assuming nothing's *changed*, here are my digits.

Changed, Wes?

Nothing's changed as far as I'm concerned.

April! What have you done?!

Ball's in your court, May.

I really hope you'll call.

Angel--?

Last night--?!

There's our target, Darkdevil.

He follows the same routine every morning.

Drops his kid at school.

Hard to imagine a high-ranking member of the *Goblin Cult* as a good father.

Although he really should vary his schedule.

Kaine, if you know it...

Others do, too.

Like the person who recently declared war on the Goblins and--

BZZZ

I'm serious, guys.

I don't know *what* Wes was going on about.

Maybe he's confusing you with your cousin April.

Where is she, anyway? Why isn't she in school?

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Uhhh...

April had to--

Oh, no!

NO!

Y-you okay, Mayday?

You're suddenly all pale.

I-it's *FURY--* *the wannabe Goblin Queen!*

Y-you guys have to get inside.

Take everyone with you.

INSURANCE AGENCY

FEDX KI

We need to clear the area.

Something *bad* is about to happen.

W-what are you talking about?

Trust me on this, Davida!

Go!

GO!

I...I've got to... *uhhhh...*

"...find a cop!"

Wonder what's causing the big commotion?

Ignore it, my dear.

I doubt it concerns you.

I'll expect you for pizza night at the usual time.

I'll be there, Daddy...and thanks for the lift.

How's the most beautiful girl at *Midtown* today?

Simone DeSantos is perfect as usual, Mr. Thompson.

The envy of all she meets.

Believe it, babe!

I certainly do.

Gene, why is everyone running into the school?

Don't know! I just got here myself and--

D-Daddy!

DADDY!

BEE-ZAKK!

BEE-ZAKK!

Can little René come out to play?

I-it's Élan!

The crazy witch is looking for payback.

Doesn't she realize that I always knew she couldn't be trusted--

--and designed this limousine to withstand her weaponry?

What should I do, sir?

Hit the gas, you fool!

My daughter is out there! We need to get as far away from her as possible.

I just want to talk, René.

Sure, I was a little annoyed when *you* turned on me--

--but do I look like the type to hold a grudge?

Come on, Davida!

I-it's too dangerous out here.

I'm not leaving without Mayday.

Where is she?

René, your transmission will give out long before I do.

You're not going any-where--

DADDY!

--unless it's to an EARLY GRAVE!

You certainly have a flair for the dramatic, Fury.
My specialty is *the big save!*
Arkkk Ankle can't take the strain. It's *buckling--!*
You can't trust anyone these days.
That stupid clone swore you were dead.
Oh, well! Since I don't want to make a liar out of her--!
April! She's talking about *April!*
What was I thinking?
VROOOSHH!
April didn't run off.
She got kidnapped.
CHOOM!
Who knows what *Fury* was doing to her while I was snuggled in bed?
CHOOM!
I should have been out searching for her.
CHOOM!
Should have *saved* her.
CHOOM!
Of course, I really should concentrate on saving myself at the moment.
I don't have web-shooters--
--bad ankle's throwing off my balance--
--I'm a fugitive from justice--
--smoke's hampering my vision--
--and that's the *good* news!

The bad news is I broke another promise to Mom.

Yeah, I can play the old *lives-in-danger* card--

--but I'm still hurting from my last battle--

--and really should have just called the police.

Come out, come out wherever you are!

Fury has the advantage out here.

I need to lead her indoors--

--where she won't have as much room to maneuver.

TRAVEL

I spy an annoying little insect--

--who isn't nearly as smart as she thinks.

HA HA HA HA HA!

KWAYYOOOM!

Let me go, Gene!
I've got to help my father.
That lunatic's trying to kill *him.*
No, Simone! *NO!*
If *Spider-Girl* can't help him, there's nothing you can do.
I don't care, Gene! He's my father.
I have to TRY!
I'm coming, Daddy!
Daddy--?!
Another lost girl.
We should really form a club.
If I can't get *into* René's limo, I'll just force him to come *out.*
S-she's got Simone.
W-what do I *do?*
Anything, Thompson--
--except stand there!
We've got to grab hold of Simone before they get too high and--
EEEEYOW!
Bad idea.
Bad idea.

Arrrgh!

Looks like I've landed in another fine mess.

Got to gather my strength.

Must free myself before--

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

--things go completely off the *grid.*

#3
WEB OF
SPIDER-MAN

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

Don't you just hate it when a building full of flaming debris lands on your back?

I do.

Especially when I'm in the middle of a fight with an old enemy like *Fury, the Goblin Queen*--

--who has kidnapped my genetic duplicate *April*--

--may have murdered the girl who called herself *Gwen Reilly*--

--attacked the father of a classmate--

--and may or may not be involved in the *gang war* that recently erupted in my city.

Okay.

Okay.

So maybe it's not just the flaming debris.

But I can't give up now.

I have a responsibility to get back on my feet and save the day.

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker* and I am the daughter of *Spider-Man*.

WHO'S GOD'S DESTROY

Being a teenaged costumed hero is all *hoo-ha* hilarity--

--until someone drops a building on you.

Of course, it's my own fault I got trapped inside it.

MIDTOWN LOOP

I deliberately entered that building in the hopes of luring *Fury* away from *Midtown High* until my fellow students could reach safety and--

Owwww!

Ankle's still dodgy.

Too bad my *web-shooters* got trashed recently.

Otherwise I could whip up a make-shift cast and--

Oh, no!

NO!

Looks like Fury's gone total psycho during my absence.

She's soaring away with one hostage--

--and callously discarding a second.

HELPPPPPP!

Holy--!

Th-that's *Wes!*

Oh, man!

Oh, man!

I never realized how much I depend on my *web-shooters.*

I could really use them right now to form a giant cushion--

--or a hang glider--

--or maybe even a *time machine* so that I could stop Fury before she started.

Hang on!

To what?!

THWOMMP!

Me, of course.

Sh-she got him.

Yeah, but who's got *her?*

Don't be silly!

Her web things will save them.

I hope you got a plan.

I'm working on one.

Hold tight!

It's gonna be a bumpy ride.

Wh-what the heck are you doing?

Haven't you ever seen *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon?*

It's practically a classic.

I'm using the treetops to slow our momentum.

Here comes the tricky part.

I'm going to attempt to run down the side of *Midtown High*--

--while using my ability to stick to any surface--

And now I'm going to drag my hand along the wall--

--gently applying the brakes--

SWAKKKK!

=GYAAAGH!=

--to slow us down even more.

--until it's time for a *full stop!*

W-we made it--

--with room to spare.

AYEEEEEE!!

Scream as loud as you want, Miss DeSantos.

I don't know how well your father can hear you from his armored limo--

--and I really want him to experience your full terror!

I'm not just being petty.

Rene is going to pay for betraying me--

--and turning the *Order of the Goblin* against me!

:Ugggnn:

C-can you reach the ground safely?

Yeah.

How about you?

You okay?

B-been better.

Are you INSANE, Spider-Girl?

Whatever possessed you to pull such a crazy stunt?

You could have been killed.

Why didn't you just shoot out a web-line?

F-funny story...

Kaine! KAINE! I didn't teleport us here to interrogate the poor girl.

How's about we make sure she's all right?

She's fine, Darkdevil--

--aside from a dislocated shoulder.

A dislocated shoulder?!

Is that serious?

Can it be fixed?

Sure.

KWOP

GYAAAAGH!

=ulp=

I hate you.

You're welcome.

=RALLLFFF=

=ERRALLFF=

Did he just--?

That bothers you?

Never realized you had a squeamish side.

Man up, kid!

She's going to be just--

Freeze!

Don't anybody move!

Spider-Girl, you're wanted for questioning about a couple of murders.

The rest of you, stay put.

Oh, great!

Just great.

You're wanted by the police?!

Your father must be soooooo proud.
It's a big mis-understanding.
Heard that before.
Children.
You can argue *later.*
You need to *leave* now.
=sigh=
Whatever you say, *Uncle Kaine.*
Hands high, people!
Don't anyone dare--*WHAT THE--?!*
Ohmigosh!
Th-they... they just *vanished.*
Yep, Darkdevil's got a real talent for it.
But I never even thanked Spider-Girl for saving me.
Way she was looking at you, kid...
Got a hunch you'll get your chance.
Looks like your friends deserted you, mister.
Who are you?
What's your connection to *Spider-Girl?*
Why'd she blow up that building?
Did she attack the guy in the limo?
Talk to me now or I'll take you downtown and sweat you until you do.
Do I really strike you as the *sweating* type?
Smile, Officer!
This is your lucky day.
I bring you greetings from your federal government.

CLOSED TO PUBLIC

You voluntarily *identified* yourself as a federal agent?!

What's wrong with you, Kaine?

It may have escaped your notice, but we work for a highly classified organization--

--that is housed in a top secret base.

Secret being the operative word here.

You're supposed to be a ghost.

Not someone who liaises with the local authorities.

You'd better have a good reason for breaching security.

I believe I do, Special Agent Wheaton.

I am currently standing in front of *Midtown High* in Forest Hills.

I assume you remember *Fury, the Goblin Queen.*

She has apparently turned rogue and declared war on her former organization.

Her most recent target appears to be *Rene DeSantos*--

--the leader of the New York branch of the *Goblin Cult.*

NO PARKING

Any interest in taking him into protective custody?

Kaine, my boy...

You have my undivided attention.

Thank you...

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

CRIME SCENE DO

I appreciate you coming in on your day off, *Mrs. Parker.*

We've canceled classes for the day, but some of the students were traumatized by the events they witnessed and could use your counseling.

A-are you all right, Mr. Slattery?

I... I don't know.

You read about these costumed maniacs.

Occasionally see them on television.

But they never seem quite real.

Not until...

This *Fury* person kidnapped poor *Simone DeSantos*--

--and tried to murder her father.

Aside from *Captain America,* I've never held any so-called super heroes in high regard.

Young *Westin* would have been killed if not for *Spider-Girl.*

I didn't realize how much we depend on people like her to protect the rest of us.

Slattery's right. The world needs people like May.

But she's still my little girl. *My baby!* And I hate thinking about *May* risking her life.

Moose! Davida! Courtney! Has anyone seen *May?*

Uhhhh... sorry, Mrs. P!

She warned us to run right before *Fury* attacked.

It's almost like she knew danger was coming.

I wonder if *Fury* is also responsible for *April's* disappearance?

I know I should have faith in *May.* I just wish I knew--

"--what's happening to my daughter!"

Come on!

Fury went this way.

Are you out of your mind, girl?

You're practically dead on your feet and that shoulder needs time to heal.

You're in no condition for another fight.

We need backup.

We should wait for *Kaine* or maybe call in the *Avengers*.

No, we can't wait--

"--not while *Fury* has *Simone* and *April*."

Wh-why did you attack my dad?

What'd he ever do to you?

Not much...aside from trying to kill me.

You do realize your pop runs a criminal organization.

Liar!

He's an honest businessman-- *a corporate lawyer!*

Talk about an oxymoron.

I've heard enough out of you.

=unnnn=

Hey, clone! Look who I brought to the party!

I keep telling you that I'm the original and the other-- Simone?!

What's she doing here?

Part of another revenge plot.

Nothing to trouble your pointy little head about.

You've got bigger problems--

--and I don't just mean the sonic chamber that's currently negating your symbiote-like powers.

Somebody gave you some bad intel, honey--

"--about the death of the original *Spider-Girl.*"

You're being unreasonable.

You need time to heal.

No!

I've got to keep going.

Poor little clone!

Must be terrible to feel so unwanted.

So abandoned.

I'm not the clone.

Then why did you immediately switch to the ***blue*** costume when you heard the original was alive?

I...I just...

Never mind!

You realize she'll eventually find you.

I'm counting on it.

April and ***Simone*** are counting on me.

I can't stop.

Can't give up on them.

What if I could help make that happen?

I'm listening...

It's some kind of tracking device that is attuned to her spider-sense.

You can activate it--

--and lure her here whenever you're ready.

I'm coming, ***April.***

I won't ***fail*** you.

She once gave me this gizmo to hold onto for her.

Manhattan...

Was your meeting a *success?*

Did you manage to convince *Don Silvio* that a *gang war* was bad for everyone's business?

I said my piece, *Chesbro.*

Even offered him a choice position within our organization.

I must say I'm impressed.

I never thought I'd see the *Black Tarantula* choose diplomacy over violence.

You have never fully understood me, *Araña.*

I'm not a brutal thug like the criminal kingpins of old.

Crime must evolve or die.

I trust we will receive Silvio's response within the--

No!

NO!

I *lost* her.

I can't feel her anymore.

Hey, take it easy.

It's okay.

No, it's *not.*

I...I *failed.*

I let *April* down when she needed me most.

If anything bad happens to her or Simone--!

It won't be your fault, Spider-Girl.

You did the best you could.

Back off!

I know how you really *feel.*

You always said I wasn't good enough.

That I couldn't hack the hero life.

Congratulations!

You were absolutely *right.*

Spider-Girl...

May...

You've become the hero the rest of us aspire to be.

Waitaminute!

My *spider-sense* is suddenly tingling.

I'm getting a signal that couldn't be any clearer.

It's *April!*

It's gotta be *April.*

She must have found a way to call me.

You *go,* girl.

I'm right behind you.

By the way, thanks for the pep talk--

--even if you *didn't* mean it.

=Ahem=

Whatever!

Places, everyone.

The trap is set--

--and now it's time for the *fun* part.

They're inside that warehouse.

I still think we should call *Kaine*--

--or, at the very least, the *Buzz* and the *Ladyhawks*.

Fury has access to some pretty lethal weaponry.

You can stay behind if you want.

I won't be able to live with myself if I learn that *Fury* was torturing *April* or *Simone* while I waited.

I just have to find a way to sneak in without alerting Fury.

BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER

sigh

If you're going to be so stubborn--

--I can get us inside.

Welcome!

I've been expecting you, Spider-Girl--

--although I didn't realize you'd bring a date.

No problem...

Mfft
Mfft

I also have a new PARTNER!

A-April--?!

WEB OF SPIDER-MAN

#4

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

Tom DeFalco & Ron Frenz--script, plot and pencils *Sal Buscema*--finished art
Impacto's Bruno Hang--colorist *Dave Sharpe*--letterer *Tom Brennan*--editor
Tom Brevoort--executive editor *Tim Smith 3*--digital production manager
Harry Go--digital coordinator *John Cerilli*--director of digital content
Joe Quesada--editor in chief *Dan Buckley*--publisher *Alan Fine*--executive producer

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker* and I'm the daughter of *Spider-Man.*

My old enemy *Fury, the Goblin Queen* is up to her usual fun and games.

She may have murdered the girl who called herself *Gwen Reilly*--

--declared war on the *Goblin Cult*--

--attacked my high school rival's dad--

--and kidnapped both *Simone DeSantos* and my clone, *April.*

(Although it's also possible *I'm* April's clone.)

THEY FIRST MAKE ME MAD!

To add to my misery, I'm working without web-shooters--

--wanted by the police--

--on the verge of exhaustion--

--and APRIL has suddenly joined FURY!

What's *wrong* with you, girl?

Spider-Girl and I came to *rescue* you.

And you're doing a heck of a job!

Hold still!

This'll only hurt for a moment.

Just long enough for me to chop you into little bitty pieces.

Swell! You're a *clone* with the powers of an *alien symbiote*--

--and I was almost killed the last time I battled a symbiote.

There won't be any *almost* with me!

And, just so we're clear, I'm the *original*.

The other Spider-Girl's the *clone*.

Is that what *this* is all about?

Some kind of psycho sibling rivalry?

Nope, not even close.

See this collar? It's a bomb. Fury's got control over it -- so I'm on her side 'till I hear otherwise!

Yikes! Barely dodged those *razor bats.*

Darkdevil begged me to wait for backup.

It's all on *me* if anything happens to him, April or Simone.

=Mfft=
=Mfft=

Is it my imagination--

--or are you moving *slower* than usual?

Just trying to give you a fighting chance, Fury.

By the way--

--I ever tell you about my ability to *repel* any surface?

Pretty *cool,* huh?

At least I managed to move the main fight *away* from Simone.

I just hope *Darkdevil* and *April* can hold out until I find a way to stop *Fury.*

Oh, great--it's pouring out here!

Now I can add *pneumonia* to my other woes.

On the plus side, I doubt my situation can't possibly get--

"--worse!"

You feeling any better, Wes?

CAFÉ INDIGO EST. 1998

You had quite a scare earlier.

Man, you've got to be careful.

Anything happens to you, I'm going to need a new artist for our comic book.

I'll try to keep that in mind, Jimmy.

Whatever possessed you to try to rescue Simone?

I...I really don't know, Davida.

Just instinct, I guess.

I don't want you guys to get the wrong idea.

I'm no hero.

I'm so thankful *Spider-Girl* arrived in time to save me.

I'm surprised *May* isn't here. Has anyone seen her?

Not since that Goblin girl showed.

I did speak to her mom and she assured me Mayday's fine.

Tell us more about *Spider-Girl*, Wes. What's she like?

That's the funny part. There was something very familiar about her.

Seriously?

Tell you the truth, she kind of reminds me of--

Oh, man!

What *is* it, Wes? What's *wrong?*

GOTCHA!
Now you're going to *pay* for ruining my life.
I ruined *your* life?!
I was destined to be a *queen--a ruler of the new order!*
But you and your accursed father turned the *Order of the Goblin* against me--
--and forced me to wage *war* on my former comrades!
Oh! I get it now.
It's my fault you tried to kill *Rene DeSantos* and then took his daughter hostage.
Lady, you are one special kind of *crazy!*
THWAKK!
Surprised--?!
Don't be! I'm a lot more flexible than you can possibly imagine.
B-but neither *Venom* nor *Carnage* could move like this!
They were only bonded with their symbiotes.
I'm a hybrid who was born with my powers.
Mfft Mfft

PTTFFT

G-get away from me, you lunatics!

DADDY!

DAAA-DDDDDY!

That's Simone--!

Uhhhhh, Spider-Girl?

ARRRGH!

You really need to get over this stupid preoccupation with innocent civilians.

It makes you weak and pathetic--

KRAKA-BOOM!

--and oh-so easy to manipulate!

That's part of the reason I set up the whole Gwen Reilly scenario.

Not only did I eliminate a potential rival, but I knew her brutal murder would distract you.

Imagine how you'll feel when I do the same to the DeSantos girl... your mother... and your baby brother.

I grew up with the classics and, like the furies of ancient mythology, I truly want you to suffer--

--and I intend to drive you stark raving MAD!

You're starting to annoy me.

POLICE
MIDTOWN SOUTH

In case you've forgotten, Detective Drasco, I'm the victim here.

I was just dropping my daughter off at school when that winged monster suddenly attacked me and flew off with my poor Simone.

And you have no idea why Fury specifically targeted you?

Absolutely not!

Why do you keep asking me these ridiculous questions when you should be out looking for my daughter?

Something's wrong about this guy, Captain Ruiz.

He's too calm for a man who just experienced so much trauma.

There's also something oddly familiar about his voice...

I'm sure I've heard it before.

This is not the first time Mr. DeSantos has had a brush with violent crime, Parker.

Used to be an assistant district attorney.

Quit shortly after his wife was gunned down in what appears to have been a mob hit.

If I read between the lines properly, I'd say there's a better than even chance that DeSantos eventually switched sides.

He currently runs a private investment group--

--which allegedly has ties to the underworld.

Hate to interrupt, Captain.

There's a Fed outside who insists on seeing you.

Tell him to grab a coffee. I'm in the middle of an interview.

DeSantos? DeSantos? Why do I know that-- of course!

His daughter attends school with May.

Sigh Which means my daughter is probably in danger.

Please excuse me for barging in on you, Captain.

I'm afraid I must insist that you immediately *terminate* this interview.

On *whose* authority?

I am *Special Agent Weadon* and I have a federal court order directing you to hand over *Rene DeSantos*--

--and the body of a specific *Jane Doe* currently housed in your morgue.

What's this about, Weadon? Why is the government big-footing our cases?

I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to discuss that, Captain.

=Hufft= Paperwork seems to be in order.

But I still don't understand why the government would interfere with a local murder investigation--

--or how that's related to DeSantos.

All I can say is that they are both tied to an international terrorist organization.

My special operatives are already on the case and will soon have the murderer or *murderers* in custody.

Your *operatives?*

You have operatives working in our jurisdiction?

In the interests of cooperation and to prevent us from accidentally arresting them, can you please tell us--

"--*who* are these operatives?"

You and *Spider-Girl* just don't get it, *Darkdevil*.

I have much more in common with *Fury*.

We're both lost girls who were robbed of their true destinies.

GRAAKK!

N-not true.

Not any longer.

What?

You now have a family.

People who love you.

Spider-Girl risked her life to save you.

You can't change the way you were *born*--

--but you can choose the way you will live.

KRAK!

SHWAAAAOOOOSHH

DAAA-DDDY!

Do you hear that poor girl screaming, Spider-Girl?

It's going to get worse.

Much, much WORSE!

No!

NO!

I'm running on empty--

--but I won't give up.

No matter how I feel about *Simone* personally.

T-this isn't working.

My punches lack any real power.

I'm finished--

--and *Fury* knows it!

But I gotta find a way to hold on.

I just *gotta.*

--are you *serious?*

Don Silvio, are you telling me that you actually pulled the trigger on the *Black Tarantula?*

I had no choice, *Marko.*

The man invaded my home--my *sanctuary!*

He disrespected me--

"--So I was forced to *retaliate!*

"He only has himself to blame for all the *destruction*--

"--And *casualties* that result from the city-wide *gang war* that is destined to follow!"

What's it going to be, lady?

Will you try to *transcend* your past--

--or remain *trapped* by it?

Help me!

PLEASE--!

Keep *screaming*, DeSantos!

It's music to my ears.

Although I'm a little surprised the *Spider-Clone* hasn't gotten around to killing you.

Spider-Clone--?!

Don't take it personal!

We all have our crosses.

Darkdevil, you need to protect Simone--!

Too late, Spidey.

The little lady's about to be *sliced* and *diced*.

AAAYIII!

NOT--

--if I--

--can teleport--

--fast enough.

Impressive, Darkdevil...

But you're still an amateur--

--compared to me.

Hey, Fury--

BEEP BEEP BEEP

CATCH!

H-HOW--?!

BWHOOOOMM!

That's what happens when you go hanging bombs around people's necks.

I told you I wasn't the clone--

--and you really should have ***trusted*** me.

And ***now...***

I guess we cart you off to jail.

Sometime later...

Fury killed the girl who called herself *Gwen Reilly?*

Yeah, seemed proud of it, too.

Who was she, anyway?

Her real name's not important, but she might have had a claim to the *Goblin* dynasty.

What are we going to do about *Fury?*

She knows my secret identity.

Unfortunately, you now owe Weadon--

--and he always collects.

I guess I can live with that.

How about the cops? Are they still after me?

What about Simone and her dad?

Not a problem.

I already arranged with Weadon to drop her into a very deep hole.

Afraid so.

That will depend on him--

--and if he rolls over on the *Goblin Cult.*

I notice we keep dancing around your real problem.

You mean *April?*

She came through when it really counted.

Take it from someone who knows, kid.

There's a big difference between *blood* and *family.*

It's only a matter of time before she betrays you.

Did she--?

What can I do, Kaine? She's blood.

Shortly...

We did it, May.

We found out who killed *Gwen Reilly* and caught the bad guy.

I think I'm finally getting a handle on this whole *hero* thing.

Uhhhh... yeah.

Although we may still be facing a gang war.

One question, April--

--if you knew you could remove Fury's bomb, why didn't you do it earlier?

I...

...*uhhhh*...

...it just didn't occur to me.

I guess I still have a lot to learn.

Good thing I still have *you* to teach me.

THE END... FOR NOW!

#1

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

NOW SHOWING
MR. AND MRS. SPIDER-MAN
UNTOLD TALES OF SPIDER-MA
The Private Life of Peter Parker
Venom!
...and more!!!

41

There are countless planes of reality, containing alternate worlds very similar to ours. *Peter Parker* is *Spider-Man* on many of them. On one particular Earth, he is married to *Mary Jane*. Their baby daughter May is destined to follow in his web-steps, as *Spider-Girl*, but these are the adventures of... MR. and MRS. SPIDER-MAN

FAMILY TIES!

DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE NEW YORK CITY SEWER SYSTEM, THE EVER-AMAZING WEB-SLINGER CONFRONTS AN OLD ENEMY AND LEARNS THE IMPORTANCE OF...

SSSPIDER-MAN!

You were a fool to follow me!

I need those chemicals, *Lizard!*

Countless *lives* are at stake.

Yesss... the livesss of *my family.*

Thisss poissson could *kill* them all.

TWAKK

You got it *backwards.*

Those chemicals are the only thing that can save your *wife* and *son.*

Let the humansss *die!*

Their sssurvial isss not my concern.

Can't reason with him in this state.

I need those chemicals.

I instinctively keep pulling my punches because I know **Doc Connors** is in there somewhere.

The Lizard's hide is tougher than steel-plated **armor.**

Plus he's **stronger** and **faster** than me.

ATTACK, my brethren!

Dessstroy the human!

Swell! Here come his groupies--!

What's wrong with people, anyway?

How can they flush their old pets down a toilet?

thwip

thwip

Don't those people have a woodshed they can take-- **uh-oh!**

Danger-- behind me!

No room to maneuver! Can't dodge his-- **ARRRGH!**

Leave them alone!

SSWAK

SKWAFOOM!!!

=Uffft=

KILL him, my **brothersss!**

For the sssake of our **family.**

G-got to clear my head.

Shake the cobwebs loose and get back on my feet--

--or I'll never see **my** own family, again.

I almost can't believe--

"--that I was with them a few hours ago in Forest Hills."

What's *with* you, Tiger?

I'm supposed to be the one who takes *forever* to get ready.

You look *spectacular*, Mary Jane.

Only spectacular?

Either I'm *slipping*...or we've been married *too long*.

Let me get my thesaurus and I'll tell you how I *really* feel.

Stop being so cute, Peter.

You've been wearing ties since high school and you suddenly seem to be all thumbs.

What's the problem?

I...I really like *Curt Connors*.

He's a good friend and he also hires me as a lab assistant whenever he's in town.

But...?

He's also the *Lizard*--

--and we agreed that I should avoid any situation that may require me to change into *Spider-Man*.

Besides, I'd rather just hang with you and *May*.

I think May's down for the count.

...Besides, we're going out tonight.

I'm already dressed and *Aunt Anna* is looking forward to babysitting.

Our lives have been gloriously normal for the past few weeks--

"--so let's celebrate our good fortune with the *Connorses!*"

It's so good to see you again, Peter.

You must be *Mary Jane!* I've heard so much about you.

I'm *Martha Connors.*

Take a seat! I'm afraid *Curt* isn't home, yet.

I assume he's still at the university and has completely lost track of time.

I've called him repeatedly, but he isn't answering.

Sounds like the Doc, Martha. He must be working on something important.

Yes... I'm surprised he didn't tell you.

Is everything all right?

I suppose it's all right for you to know. Curt was planning to ask you to help him, anyway.

He suspects that the drinking water we've been using at our home in *Florida* has been compromised.

Where'd he get a notion like that?

Billy and I have recently experienced certain *symptoms.*

Martha, I...I don't know what to--

I...

I feel *dizzy...*

Like I'm going to start heaving, again.

Why don't you take care of your son?

We'll go get your husband.

Yeah, *Empire State University* is only a few blocks away.

We'll be back before you know it.

I hate to put such a damper on the evening.

No worries!

We can either order room service or make it some other night.

You're very understanding.

We know what it means to raise a family.

Billy looked bad. Real bad.

Did Connors mention his wife and son were sick?

No, but he did say that lives depended on the success of his project.

MPIRE STATE
OLOGY DEPT.

The laboratory he usually uses is up ahead--!

Oh...

...my.

You can say that again.

Let's see if we can find Connors' lab notes.

They may offer a clue to what happened.

Got 'em.

According to these papers, he developed a formula to purify the water--

--but the process could threaten the reptiles in the ***Everglades.***

The conflict between his family and the environment probably drove Connors over the edge.

I need to...***uhhhh...*** call ***911*** and warn the police that the ***Lizard*** may be back in town.

Save it, Peter.

We both know this is a job for ***Spider-Man.***

B-but we ***agreed--!***

I know.

But we can't build our ***family*** by turning our backs on another one.

Peter, you can't pretend to be someone you're not.

You have some pretty amazing powers and a sense of responsibility that often dwarfs them.

I guess all I'm trying to say is--

--go get'im, Tiger!

"But be careful!"

It didn't take long to track down the Lizard.

I just had to follow the faint trail--

--the subtle signs--

--and the panicked screams of everyone who saw him.

RRAGHH!

I don't know if he picked up his entourage at the Bronx Zoo or just found them down here.

Either way--

--I doubt I'll ever mention **them** to M.J.

She only **thinks** she's okay with my web-swinging.

The reality is far **worse**-- so much more **dangerous**-- than she imagines.

I am so lucky that I'll never have to sit home--

--and worry about someone I love.

thwip thwip

Spider-sense tingling, warning me of--

ARRK!

THWAP

I warned you to ssstay away from my family.

You're jussst like Connorsss.

A ssself-centered MURDERER!

He thinksss hisss family isss more important than mine.

He'sss the MONSSSTER!

A heartlesss KILLER!

You think Connors will sacrifice your family--

"--to save *HIS?!*"

I can't believe Curt conned Peter into working tonight.

I...I don't think they'll be long.

They should... *uhhh*...be here shortly.

"--very special men!"

They're sort of like cops, firemen and doctors.

Their jobs are always *demanding--*

Love, your Dork

Peter's lucky to have you, my dear. You're very tolerant.

What can I say? We're married to two--

"--and sometimes *dangerous.*"

But they do those jobs, anyway.

They do them because they love us--

"--and their communities."

I HATE Connorsss!

I will dessstroy *him* and everyone he *lovesss--*

--if he harmsss my family.

You don't get it, Lizzy!

Connors doesn't intend to--

UGNN!

KKKOOM

SSShut up!

I've heard *enough.*

Connorsss will NEVER hurt my family!

You're absolutely RIGHT!

That's exactly ***what*** I've been trying to tell you.

He ***won't*** do it.

You're here because Connors ***called*** you.

He couldn't use a formula that would save only one of his families--

--and ***destroy*** the other.

Connors is a part of you, Lizard.

He is FAMILY!

He ***wouldn't...***

He ***couldn't...***

Harm his own ***family.***

S-Spider-Man--?!

It happened again, didn't it?

Yeah--

--but this time you're going to be real glad it did.

So *Connors* is going back to the drawing board?

Yes, he's determined to come up with a formula that serves all his families.

I assume you're going to help.

At **$8.50** an hour, how can I lose?

And you're *all* about the money.

Maybe not *all*.

It'll come in handy, though.

No argument there.

Thanks for being so supportive about my web thing.

I knew what I was getting into when I married you, Peter.

Yeah, but my responsibilities were supposed to change when ***May*** came along.

Why don't we just take each day as it comes, Tiger?

Sounds like a plan!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

#2

MIKE DEODATO JR.

I don't know exactly how old *Peter* was the day it happened. His aunt was always a little fuzzy on the details.

I heard her tell the story with him as both a baby and a toddler.

Any hope of learning his actual age died with her.

All I know for sure was that he was pretty young on the day his parents turned him over to *Aunt May* and *Uncle Ben.*

You be good for your aunt and uncle while mommy and daddy are away, Peter.

Oh, Richard-- how could this little darling be otherwise?

Don't let that adorable little smile fool you, May! He can be a real handful at times. You should see him climb the walls.

Mommy and daddy will be home soon, precious.

Our pleasure, Richie. You realize, of course, he'll be spoiled rotten by the time you return.

Don't you worry about anything, Richard! I won't let Ben go overboard.

You just be careful and come home safe.

He never saw them again.

Thanks again for doing this, big bro. Mary and I really appreciate it.

Wave *bye-bye,* big guy.

Bye-bye to mommy and daddy!

Peter's parents were only supposed to be gone for a week or so.

I can't imagine what it must be like...to face the end and know your child is in someone else's hands.

THERE ARE COUNTLESS PLANES OF REALITY, CONTAINING ALTERNATE WORLDS VERY SIMILAR TO OURS. **PETER PARKER** IS **SPIDER-MAN** ON MANY OF THEM. ON ONE PARTICULAR EARTH, HE IS STILL MARRIED TO **MARY JANE** AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER **MAY** IS DESTINED TO FOLLOW IN HIS WEB-STEPS. THESE ARE THE ADVENTURES OF…

MR. & MRS. SPIDER-MAN

I sometimes think about that day whenever Peter and I leave the house together.

You be good for your ***Aunt Anna*** while mommy and daddy go to school, May.

This little doll never gives me any trouble, Peter.

We have an understanding.

We'll be home as soon as we can, hotshot.

I make the same promise every time I leave my daughter. The same promise Peter's parents gave him, and countless others have sworn to their loved ones. And that's why I often say a silent prayer for...

THOSE WHO NEVER RETURN!

Peter and I walk a few blocks in silence, heading for the subway and *Empire State University*...

You seem awfully quiet this morning.

Something troubling you, Tiger?

You mean aside from the usual woes of trying to support a family while juggling my studies and--

--extra-curricular activities.

Yeah, those *extracurriculars* can be murder...

That's the problem.

They help me earn a living as a freelance shutter-bug for the *Daily Bugle*--

--but I also put my life in danger every time I suit up as *Spider-Man*.

You and little May are my responsibility, Mary Jane.

What if I get *injured*--

--or *worse*?

I don't like to think about that, Peter. If you're going to continue to do your web thing, we both must--

Mary Jane!

I recognize the tone.

The look of sudden determination.

His ***spider-sense*** is warning him of--

--DANGER!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA!

Got her!

Get DOWN!

TZ!K!

TZABG!

SPANG!

It's over.
We're safe now.
I got the license plate... for all the good it'll do.
Ohmigosh!
That poor woman--!
They deliberately targeted her... but *Why?*
WHY?!
Take it easy.
W-we'll get help.
M-my baby--!
I-is my baby all right?
Uhhh...yeah... she appears to be just fine.
Oh, my god!
Marlene--!
I called 911. The cops and paramedics are on the way.
Mary Jane, I know we're needed here, but...
You don't have to explain.
Go get them!
Yeah.
Okay.
MARLENE!

F-forgive me, Marlene!

Please forgive me!

If I had only listened--!

The poor man's hysterical, obviously in shock.

I take the baby from his arms and think of my own daughter.

What if something happened to Peter?

Or to me?

Would my precious May end up in some stranger's arms?

Who would comfort my daughter?

"My work is dangerous.

I-it should have been ME!

T-this is my fault.

All *mine!*

What are you saying?

I...I'm an assistant district attorney...

There have been threats.

I just didn't take them seriously.

"They come with the job.

"It never really occurred to me that someday my luck would run out."

M-Marlene's a corporate lawyer.

She kept trying to convince me to give up the DA's office.

"She wanted me to take a job with her firm.

"The salary would be higher.

"The hours better.

"The job safer."

I...

I should have listened.

Why did I have to be so stubborn?

Why didn't I listen?

"You shouldn't blame yourself," I whisper to the poor man.

"You were only trying to do the right thing."

This *isn't* your fault...

"You didn't know what would happen when you took the job.

"Things don't always work out as planned."

No...

Unfortunately...

--they can go horribly, horribly *wrong*.

EM

Although that's not *always* the case.

Yes, I often say a silent prayer for those who don't return...

But sometimes...

I'm just too *thankful* for words.

I'm thankful to have my child in my hands.

#3

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

I remember when my Saturday nights consisted of parties, clubs and behavior I'd rather forget.

These days I'm either asleep by the time the clock chimes midnight--

--or sitting in the emergency room.

May's going to be just fine, Mary Jane.

I know, Peter.

I just hate to see her suffer.

It's only a bad case of the sniffles, dear.

You and your sister were always coming down with them.

EXIT

We'd called May's pediatrician.

His service told us he was away for the weekend and suggested the local ER.

Tell you the truth, Aunt Anna--I'm more worried about our medical coverage.

Don't be, Hon! Between the policy I have with the *Daily Bugle* and the one we got as students at *Empire State University*, I'm sure we'll be able to swing the deductible and--

I immediately recognize that look.

Is something wrong, Peter?

The man who just entered--!

THERE ARE COUNTLESS PLANES OF REALITY, CONTAINING ALTERNATE WORLDS VERY SIMILAR TO OURS. ON ONE PARTICULAR EARTH, **PETER PARKER** IS STILL MARRIED TO **MARY JANE** AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER **MAY** IS DESTINED TO FOLLOW IN HIS WEB-STEPS. THESE ARE THE ADVENTURES OF…

MR. & MRS. SPIDER-MAN

COMMON GROUND!

That's *Aleksei Sytsevich*--

--The *RHINO!*

A-are you sure?

Absolutely!

I heard he'd finally managed to surgically remove his costume--

--but I'd recognize him anywhere.

My *Aunt Yulya* needs doctor.

Take a seat and fill out these forms.

I'll also need to see proof of medical insurance and a picture ID.

My aunt needs doctor.

NOW!

There's a long line ahead of you, sir.

I'll call you when it's your turn.

Take a seat and fill out the forms.

I can feel the tension rising in Peter.

He knows Aleksei is about to lose it--

--but this is the wrong setting for a fight between *Spider-Man* and the *Rhino*.

Excuse me, sir--?

Why don't you join us?
We can help you and your aunt fill out your forms.
Thank you, young lady.
I can use seat.
Come along, Aleksei.
B-but, Aunt Yulya...
Don't be stubborn, Aleksei!
What have I told you about your temper?
Such troubles are nothing compared to what we faced in *Russia*.
I...
I'm sorry, Aunt Yulya.
It won't happen again.
Hey, I know you!

You're *Parker.*

You take pictures of *Spider-Man* for *Daily Bugle.*

Yeah, that's me.

This is my beautiful wife--*Mary Jane*--her aunt, *Anna Watson*--and my innocent daughter *May.*

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Yeah.

I am *Aleksei* and my aunt *Yulya Sytsevich.*

I go for coffee. You want?

Uhhhh...

Sure.

I'll join you.

Be nice, Peter. You can't let this become a thing.

There are too many innocent people here--

--including your own daughter.

I'll do my best, Mary Jane.

Aleksei-- he is a good boy.
But such a temper!
Young people have to find their own way.
Tell us about your nephew...
I was once hired to threaten you.
It was just business.
Nothing personal.
Me neither.
I'm willing to let bygones be bygones.
We have truce?
We have truce.
Maybe not to *you*.
My aunt-- she needs doctor.
I want no trouble.
Stupid machine!
I hate when this happens.
It just swallows your money and laughs at you.
No problem.
TWAM!
My treat.

Any dizziness?

At our age a little dizziness is natural, no?

Poor Aleksei.

He sacrificed so much to bring us from Mother Russia.

He still struggles to support us.

It is not easy--

"--but he never complains."

You have insurance?

Not enough.

How about you?

No.

I must pay.

Is very expensive.

You know the hospital is required to treat your aunt even if you can't afford it.

Aunt Yulya is like mother to me.

Cannot embarrass her.

I can always earn more money.

Y-you don't tell Spider-Man?

No.

I won't tell Spider-Man.

You take pictures for *Daily Bugle*.

Must be nice to have steady pay-check.

I wouldn't know.

I get paid by the job--*sort of like you*--and my boss is the cheapest man alive.

I know from bad bosses.

The *Beetle*--the *Leader*--*Doctor Octopus*--they all treat me like stupid ox.

May still struggle with language, but am smarter than ox.

Spider-Man my real problem.

Always interfering.

You his friend.

He told me this story a long time ago--

--when I first started taking pictures of him.

Spider-Man once stood aside and allowed a burglar to escape--

--who later murdered some-one very close to him.

Why he interfere?

He was so shaken by that incident--

--he swore no other innocent person would ever suffer--

--because Spider-Man failed to act.

Explains much.

I also saw family suffer.

Close relatives-- *like Aunt Yulya's beloved Borya*-- were taken away in night and never seen again.

I first joined Russian gangsters to protect my family.

Breaking legs paid well.

"KGB noticed and offered good job.

"I become *Rhino*--

"--and earn enough to move family from Russia."

:ahem:

I hate to interrupt, but the doctor's ready to see May.

You okay, Parker.

Good luck with daughter.

Yeah.

My best to your aunt.

His aunt is nice.

I think she and Anna even exchanged phone numbers.

How'd things go with you?

Much better than I imagined.

I know the Rhino and I are destined to meet as enemies in the future--

--but we do share some *common ground.*

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN FAMILY

#4

CHEMISTRY

DTOWN

Ever notice how quirky life can be? You plan for certain events, knowing they will have a profound impact on your life.

Others just sort of happen. They seem relatively unimportant at the time, but they have far-reaching effects.

One particular day sticks out in my mind.

I had finished my classes at *Empire State University* and was waiting for *Peter* to wrap up some lab work.

We were discussing a familiar topic--

--the sorry state of our finances.

Another part-time job--?

What choice do we have, Mary Jane?

Our bills keep piling up.

Maybe I could go back to runway modeling or try to get something else in the fashion industry.

You already spend too much time away from little *May*.

We can't keep relying on your *Aunt Anna* to babysit her.

Peter, there are only so many hours in a day.

You're already going to school, working as a lab assistant, free-lancing for the *Daily Bugle*--

--and then there's that *other* thing you do.

I know, but we still need to find a way to--

Peter?

Is something wrong?

THERE ARE COUNTLESS PLANES OF REALITY, CONTAINING ALTERNATE WORLDS VERY SIMILAR TO OURS. ON ONE PARTICULAR EARTH, **PETER PARKER** IS STILL MARRIED TO **MARY JANE** AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER **MAY** IS DESTINED TO FOLLOW IN HIS WEB-STEPS. THESE ARE THE ADVENTURES OF…

MR. & MRS. SPIDER-MAN

CAREER PATHS!

EEEYIKES!

Omigosh! Are you all right?

What were you doing in the ceiling?

Keep away from him, Mary Jane.

But the poor man may need help--!

The only thing I want is the *drugs.*

Turn 'em over and I mean *now.*

Drugs--?

What drugs?

You sure you got the right place?

I-isn't this the school *pharmacy?*

Nope.

That's all the way across campus.

This is the biophysics department.

Great.

Just great.

I don't suppose you guys got anything worth stealing?

I doubt we have more than ten bucks between us.

There is some pretty expensive equipment here--

--but you'd need a moving van to haul it away.

ARRRGH!

Are you all right?

You wouldn't believe the year I'm having!

Nothing ever works out right for me.

Mary Jane--!

We should get you to the infirmary.

You might have been injured in the fall.

I just can't afford to go away empty-handed.

I'll have to settle for your ten bucks.

Say...

...is that gun even *loaded?*

Are you kidding me?

What kind of a jerk do you think I am?

Do I really have to answer that question?

Yeah, just as I thought...

Empty.

Okay.

Okay.

So I've been afraid of guns ever since I accidentally shot myself in the foot.

Look, why don't I just leave and--

Ow!

OW!

I think I threw out my stupid knee.

See? I told you he needed medical attention.

I'm sure the police will take care of him once he's in custody.

Y-you're going to turn him over to the authorities?

He's an armed burglar, Mary Jane.

Come on, Peter! I'm sure he won't do it, again.

Yeah, this is my first time.

I only resorted to crime to support my family.

My baby was hungry.

Just lean on us, Mister--?

Angelo.

Angelo Cantano.

I really owe you guys.

You are the kindest, sweetest people I've ever met.

Yeah, that's us all right.

Hey! What's going on in here?

Someone reported a big crash and--

Thank goodness you're here!

These lunatics busted my knee and took me hostage.

SECURITY

He's got a GUN--!

Freeze!

Whoa! We're the victims here.

I don't know who's *lying*--

Yeah, he's the one who tried to rob the place.

"--so we'll just sit tight and let the cops sort things out."

Let me get this straight--you decided to take him to the college infirmary after you disarmed him?

Yes, sir.

The gun didn't have any bullets, Detective Drasco.

Does that make any difference?

Not really.

Drasco, we found where the perp entered the air conditioning ducts.

Couldn't miss it. The mess he made.

The preliminary evidence I've gathered also seems to corroborate the Parkers' story, Dras.

Figured it would, Cooper.

Angelo and me go back a ways.

B-but he said this was his first crime.

He did it because his baby was hungry.

The only baby in his life is a stripper in Staten Island.

Angelo's a lying mook--

"--who spends so much time in my jail we named a cell after him."

What are ya in for, punk?

Uhhh...

I was right in the middle of this very sweet bank job--

"--when *Spider-Man* showed up.

NEWSPAPER

Partly cloudy, chance of snow.

"I tried to blast him with my Uzi, but he was just too fast.

"Still, I did land a few good punches before he overpowered me."

Y-you took on the Web-head-- *WOW!*

Yeah, I guess it was pretty cool...

I doubt you'll have to testify.

Angelo will probably cop a plea.

He knows how to play the system.

Thanks for believing us, Detective.

We also owe you, Miss--

Cooper.

Carlie Cooper.

Just doing my job.

I'm guessing you're some kind of science brainiac.

Am I that obvious?

Just to a fellow brainiac.

You like your work?

Sure.

Gives me a chance to play scientist--

--and help the cops put away bad guys.

New York Police D...
201-555-5555

The department's always looking for good people.

Pay's not too bad, either. C'mon, Gonzales, let's roll.

Yeah, you plan for certain events.

Others just sort of happen.

THE END... FOR NOW!

MARVEL COMICS

THE DAUGHTER OF THE TRUE SPIDER-MAN!

SPIDER-GIRL

#0

WHO IS SHE?

THE NEXT GENERATION OF SPIDEY EXCITEMENT STARTS HERE!!!!

Instinctively, you glance at the game clock, confirming what you already know...

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Time is running out, and the Hollis Court Crusaders still lead by a single point.

Even as the home court crowd roars its encouragement, you feel a sudden chill--

--as if more than a simple game were at stake--

--as if tonight were destined to mark a major turning point in your life!

Such thoughts are soon forgotten as the Crusaders' top scorer suddenly breaks toward the basket.

She aims, shoots, and--

No good, you want to shout as your outstretched fingers grasp the ball.

Mayday snagged the rebound!

Go, girl! GO!

The final seconds tick away as you race downcourt--

Stop her! Shut her down!

--and that's when you begin to feel it!

A strange, tingling sensation in the back of your skull--

--which seems to guide you, like some uncanny sixth sense, as you zigzag past your desperate opponents!

Nothing can stop you now!

You're in your zone...

Stan Lee PRESENTS

LEGACY...

You're feeling LOOSE and slamming HEAT!

Your name is *May "Mayday" Parker*, and today is the first day of the rest of your life!

IN BLACK AND WHITE!

TOM DEFALCO & RON FRENZ
SCRIPT, PLOT & PENCILS

BILL SIENKIEWICZ
FINISHED ART

DAVE SHARPE
LETTERING

MATT WEBB
COLORING

KELLY CORVESE
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Springing to their feet, the crowd erupts in wild applause as the final buzzer sounds--

--and you're caught in the euphoria of the moment!

But, unknown to you, your parents huddle and whisper in the bleachers.

P-Peter... nobody can jump that high!

Nobody... normal.

Don't leap to rash conclusions, Mary Jane.

I'm sure there's an explanation.

Then, you don't think she's--?!

Of course not! I've been watching for the signs ever since she was born.

Now, come on...

She's waiting for us.

They move slowly, because of your father's chronic limp, and you have time to shower and change.

Way to go, young lady!

It was pretty... *impressive*. Any idea how you managed it?

Don't I wish! We're talking a college scholarship if I nail that move.

The strange tingling unexpectedly returns... but you don't know why.

You all right, May?

You suddenly look a little pale...

Maybe even a shot at the pros!

I... uh...

I guess I'm okay.

My *spider-sense* is warning me of danger!

It's passing, but-- Oh, no! That puzzled expression on May's face! Did she feel it, too?!

Hi, Doctor and Mrs. Parker! Yo, girlfriend! I ran into Brad and Moose, and invited them to join our victory celebration.

Davida Kirby is a teammate and one of your closest friends, and ***Brad Miller*** is... well...he's simply ***Brad,*** 'nuff said!

Sounds cool, Davida, but I already made plans with Courtney and Jimmy...you know, from the science club.

No need to miss a party on our account, May. You belong with your teammates tonight.

Yeah! We'll catch you tomorrow!

Don't bounce on me, guys. We can all hang together.

Like ***that'll*** ever happen! We're going to a party, not a computer seminar.

Moose is right, May! It's just gonna be the girls from your team and a few football players.

You expect Moose to be rude-- the guy's headbutted one goal-post too many--but you had higher hopes for Brad.

Aw, man! This is so unfair to May... especially since she's totally into Brad.

That ***Neanderthal?!*** You've got to be kidding!

I think I'll pass on tonight's party, guys... maybe next time.

Suit yourself, May! We'll catch you ***whenever.***

As you turn away, you wonder if Brad's eyes are clouding with regret--

--or annoyance?!

Our daughter obviously takes after *you* a lot more than *me.*

I'd say her biggest problem is that she's a bit too popular.

Maybe...but I'm a little worried about the traits she might have gotten from you.

Were we wrong to keep secrets from her?

I...I really can't say.

All I know for sure is that I'd do *anything* to keep her safe...and assure her happiness.

I still remember the day I first held her. She was such a little *miracle!*

I wanted to spend every waking moment with the two of you.

But I had *other* responsibilities.

At least I thought I did.

It's almost funny how things eventually worked out.

May was only two years old when I had my *final* confrontation with *Norman Osborn,* the original *Green Goblin.*

That battle cost him his *life.*

And I lost...well...any desire to continue my dual identity."

Since I was no longer *Spider-Man,* I didn't see any reason to burden her with the knowledge of my past.

That's exactly what I thought...

...until tonight!

As nights go, you've had better! Jimmy is sulking about something, and Courtney has a mad-on for anyone who's ever played a team sport.

I'm telling you, Court-- you don't *know* them.

You're sooo right, Ms. May! *All* I have to go on is the way they *treat* people like Jimmy and me!

And, besides... they're stupid and they smell!

You turn toward Jimmy, hoping to enlist his aid, when suddenly you feel the tingling, again...

But it's *different* this time.

Sharper!

More insistent!

And, though you don't exactly know why, you instinctively realize you've got to *move.*

NOW!

NOW!

Jimmy! Courtney-- GET BACK!

May, w-what *was* that?

If you hadn't shoved us aside--!

Ohmigosh-- Look!

S-Something's streaking toward us--!

You children needn't fear me.

Not as long as the *Parker* girl delivers a message.

Tell your father that the *Green Goblin* has returned... and that we have *unfinished business.*

H-How does a creep like you know my dad?!

You'd be *surprised,* young May!

I'll meet him at the *bridge* at midnight tomorrow.

Bridge?! What *bridge?*

HA HA HA HA HA!

Trust me...*he'll know!*

Feeling like you accidentally stumbled into someone else's nightmare, you run all the way home...

THE GREEN GOBLIN?!

Th-That's what he called himself!

It's a case of mistaken identity, right?

I mean, like I know Dad works in a police lab and all, but--!

Try to calm down, hotshot. Everything's going be fine.

I hope!

You listen to your mother, hon.

I'm sure I can straighten this out with... er...a few calls.

Why don't you two use the phone upstairs...and make sure *Jimmy* and *Courtney* got home all right?

Uh... *sure*... good idea!

Norman Osborn is long dead, and so is his son--*Harry*--who also took on the *Goblin* identity.

But Harry had a son--Normie--who should be about--what? Nineteen or twenty by now.

His mother remarried, and I haven't spoken to her in years.

Parker? Peter Parker?!

Strange you called, I've been meaning to give you a holler, but things have been...well...I'd have to say they've been pretty *bad* around here.

Liz fell...ill... a few weeks ago, and the prognosis isn't good.

Normie?! Nope, haven't seen him since the day he learned about his mom.

Listen, Nelson, if there's *anything* Mary Jane or I can...

Yes... I...

I understand.

May's friends are doing all right, considering the fright they had.

How you holding up, tiger?

When does it *end*, Mary Jane? How many lives have to be ruined before we've seen the last of Norman Osborn's legacy of evil?!

If only I'd-- I don't know-- there must have been *something* I could have done!

I hope you realize this isn't your fault.

Isn't it?!

Honey, for over thirteen years our lives have been gloriously... normal.

You and May deserve *better!*

Maybe you were right earlier...when you said we should have *told* her.

She has a right to know the madness she's been born into.

She's a good girl-- *strong* and *independent!* Whatever else you and I might have screwed up in our lives, we did all right as parents.

She can handle the *truth.*

Besides, she has a *right* to know who she is...especially if her *powers* are starting to kick in!

She already knows who she is, Mary Jane. She's our daughter...

Everything else is just part of the entire picture!

I know, Peter, and I'm telling you she can handle this.

She can handle being the daughter of Spider-Man!

The truth *hurts*...doesn't it, Spider-Man?

You *murdered* my grandfather.

And you *killed* my dad.

It's now up to *me* to avenge their deaths!

It's *my* responsibility to reclaim their honor!

Deep within the innermost recesses of her heart, I'm certain my mother has secretly prayed for this moment.

Now that she's safe from harm, I'm ready to take up the mantle of my father... and his father before him.

At long last, I shall finally put an end to the cycle of hate which *you* began, Spider-Man!

honor thy father

kill the spider

REVENGE

Good morning, Mr. Parker.

It's been quite awhile since your last visit to **Fantastic Five headquarters.**

How can I help you today?

Mary Jane thinks I should turn this matter over to my precinct commander, but I...I just ***can't!***

My history with the Osborns is too personal for police involvement.

What should I do?

Where can I turn?!

I need to see the ***Human Torch,*** Roberta.

It's a personal matter.

Mr. Storm and the rest of the team are presently on a classified mission in deep space, Mr. Parker.

I'll inform him of your visit as soon as he returns.

Thanks anyway, Roberta...but I'm afraid I can't wait.

There goes my plan to ask Johnny to back me up when I confront Normie.

S'funny, I still think of him as ***Little Normie,*** and that could prove to be a ***fatal*** mistake.

He's an ***adult*** now, and I'm sure he wants me ***dead.***

THWIPPP!

Twenty straight swishes!

I used to think my athletic skills were the result of training, practice, and hard work...

But I'm just some kind of freak!

Saaaaay...

Exactly how freaky am I?!

Exploding into action, you hurl yourself from wall to wall--

--somersaulting and ricocheting from floor to ceiling--

--and pushing yourself like never before!

Whoa! This is too, too cooooool!

Being a freak may actually be *all* it's cracked up to be--and *more!*

Uh-oh! That tingling's back, and--*Hey!* It's Davida, but sometime tells me I'd better keep the lid on my powers!

What's the word, girly girl?

We still tight after last night?

Like *forever*, girlfriend! You're still my best bud... even though I gotta bounce now.

Call me later?

Believe it!

Welcome to *Avengers Mansion*, Mr. Parker.

I understand you're a civilian scientist employed by the Manhattan police department.

That's right, and I'm here to consult on a current case.

I'm surprised it took me so long to think of the *Avengers*. They've always been the *all-stars* of the super hero set, with members like *Captain America, Iron Man, Thor* and even *me* for awhile.

I'm not sure *who* is in the current line-up, but these guys have always been--

--Earth's mightiest heroes?!

Afternoon, sir.

What's the prob, pops?

What was I *thinking*?!

They all seem so...so young!

I know I'm being unfair! Heck, I was even *younger* when I first donned my webs, but it was a different world...a different time.

=Whew= I barely managed to make an exit with my dignity still intact, but I...I just couldn't ask those...those kids...to put themselves at risk!

Normie is my problem!

My responsibility!

You realize that you've been shouting at the top of your voice, and desperately try to regain some semblance of composure...

I *overheard* you tell Dad that I could handle it... so please, Mom... ***please***...let me handle it.

ALL of it!

Not until you change your *tone*, young lady.

You just don't get, Mom...do you?! ***The absence of truth is a LIE!***

Thanks to you and Dad...I don't know who I am anymore!

Oh, don't be so melodramatic...

Especially when you're quoting my lines!

I'm a FREAK!

No...

You're only your father's daughter.

And he was *Spider-Man.*

B-But I have no idea what that *means!*

You're... right.

I...I'm WHAT?!

I'll concede that it's our fault you're in the dark...if you'll cut me a little slack as I try explaining the factors behind our decision.

Your mother begins to talk--

--and doesn't stop until long after you've reached the attic.

...s-so that's how Dad lost his leg.

That's it! Since he couldn't be Spider-Man any longer, we honestly thought we could spare you this misery.

I can see how you were only trying to protect me, but you should have known it wouldn't work.

Even if Normie hadn't gone crackers, the emergence of my powers would have been a dead giveaway.

Besides, you can't save someone from who she is...

...or from the responsibility she shares.

Hey! How come there are two different costumes here?

That one belonged to your Uncle Ben.

Dad used to tell me stories about him. He was a hero who died before I was born.

I take it this Spider-thing sort of runs in our family... kind of like the Osborns and their green scene.

Mom, what will Dad do about Normie?!

What he always does, baby.

He'll make things *right*...

If he can!

AAAA

Hello, Uncle Pete.

You didn't wear your play clothes, Uncle Pete.

My date was supposed to be with *Spider-Man.*

He doesn't exist anymore, Norman.

He died the same night as your grandfather.

There's no need for us to fight.

I'm afraid you're ***wrong***, Uncle Pete. You say Spider-Man is dead, you one-legged loser... but you're still ***breathing!***

Is my grandfather?!

Is my DADDY?!

This war ends when I stand over Spider-Man's corpse!

I'll get you to change into costume.

I can be very persuasive. Just ask young May...

Nope, it's a *family affair* as I recall!

I swear to you, Norman, I'll do whatever's necessary to protect my family.

Why, Uncle Pete, I believe you...

Is that a ***police special*** you're packing... or are you just ***happy*** to see me?!

Leave her out of this, Norman! It's strictly between you and me.

Put him DOWN, Normie!

Oh, God --NO!

Run, Mary Jane! RUN!

We have nothing to fear from little Normie, Peter.

We used to baby-sit for him.

We bounced him on our knees, changed his diapers and read stories to him.

Nice try, Auntie M... but you really should have listened to Uncle Pete.

Look what *he* brought to the party!

He understands the stakes tonight--they're *kill* or *be killed!*

It's the *Green Goblin* versus *Spider-Man*... to the *DEATH!*

He's *crazy*, Mary Jane!

Get OUT of here!

It's too late for *her*, Uncle Pete...

Too late for *any* of us!

I'm gonna give you one last chance to slip into your spandex playsuit, Unc.

Do I fry Auntie M's pretty face--

--or do I get Spider-Man?!

You want a *spider-person*, Normie?

Face it, tiger...you just hit the JACKPOT!

The familiar words spring from your mouth in a nervous rush.

They're words you learned at your mother's knee.

Words which left a lasting impact on your father, and will--hopefully--have a similar effect on Normie Osborn.

Your mother had tried to ditch you, but you remembered a certain bridge which had figured prominently in Spider-Goblin lore...

M-Mary Jane, is *that*--?

Pete, I...I... told her everything... but I never imagined... never thought...

Oh, God! She'll be *killed!*

Dodging the Goblin's zap-blasts is tough enough--

--your mother could at least *try* to be supportive!

This is *unacceptable,* May!

It's your *father* I need to destroy! *Your father!*

Sorry, Normie! My dad's been retired...ever since your *grandfather* blew off his leg!

Which reminds me, I hear your grandpop once arranged to have me kidnapped--

--I'd say that entitles me to a little *payback!*

THWIPPP!

As you can see, your webbing is quite *useless* against me!

Hmmmm! An electro-shock hand thingie!

Oooooookay!

Got it!

You almost gasp in wonder as you actually find yourself *sticking to* and *running up* the bridge's lower cord...

You were older, Normie... but we sometimes played together as kids.

Why are you gunning for my Dad? What's your major *mad-on*?!

Injustices must be righted, young May! Agonies must be paid in kind!

You mind being a weeee bit more specific?!

S-she's doing *well*--keeping him talking and off-balance!

B-But she's too young--too *inexperienced!*

I really would have tried to spare you and Auntie M, but you've give me *no choice!*

You're going to *die*, little Spider-Girl!

Like my *grandfather!*

Like my own *father!*

And like my MOTHER!

What about your mom, Normie? Aunt Lizzie was never a part of this! How would she feel about--

SHUT UP, and stop calling me NORMIE!

I'm the GREEN GOBLIN now!

The tingling in your head *blares* and you leap aside, barely avoiding the razor-sharp bats.

That's the good news.

Unfortunately, you're now in free fall.

At least...

...until...

...you aim...

...tap twice...

...and...

SAAA WISHHH!

What a rush, you think...

...you've never felt so alive! So whole!

Basketball was never this good!

Then, again, you never put your life on the line playing hoops!

We were talking about *Aunt Lizzie,* Normie--your mother!

Leave her out of this! She's no *Osborn!*

Grandpa never really accepted her into the family!

And this is the guy you're trying to *emulate?* The one who *dissed* your mom?!

Oh, maa-ann! Have you got issues!

Think about it, Normie! She raised you, and loved you--and *this* is how you repay her!

Hope you're really attached to that *mask,* 'cause you don't dare show your *face* again!

SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!

At last! He pulls out another pumpkin bomb--

--and a smile spreads beneath your mask--

--because you've been secretly keeping track of his various toys.

THWIPP!

Hubba-Hubba! I was beginning to think you were out of those things!

You think you have me, you idiotic child?

As I've already shown you, I can easily free myself long before the delayed fuse ignites.

Yadda yadda yadda! You're a *loossserrrr,* Normie!

A kid playing dress-up who's a few donuts short of a dozen!

Yesss!

You can't blow off my webbing... with your electro-shock thingee... without igniting the bomb!

NO! NO!

NOOOO!

S-she *did* it!

Our little girl *outfought* and *outmaneuvered* him!

You watch him plummet from the sky, oddly grateful and relieved to see that his armored costume has shielded him from serious injury...

HONK!

...but he's barely conscious--

--and unable to save himself from the onrushing tractor trailer!

HONK!

HONNNNK!

It would be so easy to let him die, and finally end the cycle of hate...

...but you can't!

You have a great power--

--and even greater sense of responsibility!

You're in your zone...

You're feeling LOOSE and slamming HEAT!

I...I know he tried to kill us, Dad...but I still feel *sorry* for him.

Kind'a stupid, huh?

Hardly, honey... the Osborn saga has always been a tragedy.

My little, brown-eyed Spider-Girl! She does one heck of a spider twirl!

Hey there! There goes that Spider-Girl!

Spider-Girl! Spider-Girl! Don't she make your little head swirl!

Spider-Girl?! Poor kid has really lost it.

I wonder whatever happened to *Spider-Man,* anyway.

Was he killed like *Daredevil*...or did he manage to live happily ever after?

H-How is *Liz,* Nelson?

Not well, Parker...

...but, like they say, wherever there's *life* there's also *hope.*

And--God knows-- *hope* is all we have sometimes.

Hope...and *family!*

You spend the next few hours in a police station, answering questions and making statements.

But never once mentioning Spider-Girl.

No one mentions her--

--not even Normie who has taken to humming as he stares at blank walls.

Eventually, you return home--

--and your family instinctively gathers for an impromptu ceremony.

A farewell... of sorts.

Not a word is spoken, but you can feel the weight of unasked questions.

You desperately want to reassure your parents that they have nothing to fear...

That everything will return to normal.

But you can't.

You cannot predict the future.

All you know for sure is that your name is *May "Mayday" Parker*--

--and this could be the first day of the rest of your life!

MEET MAY "MAYDAY" PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL!

Who is Gwen Reilly? Learn the shocking answer to this question, and see how the entire Spider-Man family must deal with its repercussions. Plus: What was life like before Mayday became Spider-Girl? Find out in "Mr. and Mrs. Spider-Man"! And read the story that started it all: *Spider-Girl #0!*

Collecting stories from *Amazing Spider-Man Family #1-8* and *Web of Spider-Man #1-4* — written by Tom DeFalco; and illustrated by Ron Frenz, Todd Nauck and Sal Buscema.

A

MARVEL

ZONE